

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall*

xviii

Did well auize, thenceforth with warie heed  
 He shund his strokes, where euer they did fall,  
 And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:  
 As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed  
 A storme approching, that doth perill threat,  
 He will not bide the daunger of such dread,  
 But strikes his sayles, and vercth his mainsheat,  
 And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,  
 And stouped oft his head from shame to shield;  
 No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,  
 And much to gaine, a litle for to yield;  
 So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.  
 But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,  
 And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,  
 That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
 And with his burdenous blowes him sore did ouerlade.

xix

Yet when as fit aduantage he did spy,  
 The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
 His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,  
 Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,  
 Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,  
 That the gore bloud thence gushing grievously,  
 Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,  
 And all his armour did with purple dye;  
 Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

xx

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,  
 Kept on his course, as he did it direct,  
 And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,  
 That seemed nought could him from death protect:  
 But he it well did ward with wise respect,  
 And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,  
 Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,  
 But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,  
 That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

xxi

Long while he tug'd and stroue, to get it out,  
 And all his powre applyed thereunto,  
 That he therewith the knight drew all about:  
 Nathlesse, for all that euer he could doe,  
 His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.  
 Which *Artegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,  
 But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,  
 And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,  
 He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

xxii

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,  
 He stroke him with *Chrysaor* on the hed,  
 That with the souse thereof full sore aghast,  
 He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.  
 Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,  
 He did him smite with all his might and maine,  
 That falling on his mother earth he fed:  
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,  
 He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

xxiii

Which when the people round about him saw,  
 They shouted all for ioy of his successe,  
 Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
 Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;  
 And running all with greedie ioyfulness  
 To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,  
 And her adored with due humblenesse,  
 As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;  
 And eke her champions glorie sounded ouer all.

xxiv

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie  
 Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,  
 Did her therein establish peaceable,  
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;  
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne  
 That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,  
 He sorely punished with heauie payne;  
 That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,  
 Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobayd.

xxv

During which time, that he did there remaine,  
 His studie was true Iustice how to deale,  
 And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
 How to reforme that ragged common-weale:  
 And that same yron man which could reueale  
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent,  
 To search out those, that vsd to rob and steale,  
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment;  
 On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

xxvi

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,  
 He through occasion called was away,  
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity  
 His course of Iustice he was forst to stay,  
 And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,  
 In which he was that Realme for to redresse.  
 But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.  
 So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,  
 He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

xxvii

Tho as he backe returned from that land,  
 And there arriu'd againe, whence forth he set,  
 He had not passed farre vpon the strand,  
 When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,  
 By the way side being together set,  
 Two griesly creatures; and, to that their faces  
 Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet  
 Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces  
 Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

xxviii

The one of them, that elder did appeare,  
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,  
 That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare  
 Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew  
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,  
 And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;  
 Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,  
 And as she spake, therewith she slauered;  
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

xxix

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt  
 In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,  
 Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scracht  
 Her cursed head, although it itched naught;  
 The other held a snake with venime fraught,  
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,  
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;  
 That round about her iawes one might descry  
 The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

xxx

Her name was *Enuie*, knowen well thereby;  
 Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all,  
 That euer she sees doen prays-worthily,  
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse, may fall,  
 And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.  
 For when she wanteth other thing to eat,  
 She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall,  
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;  
 Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyeat.

xxxii

And if she hapt of any good to heare,  
 That had to any happily betid,  
 Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare  
 Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:  
 But if she heard of ill, that any did,  
 Or harne, that any had, then would she make  
 Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid;  
 And in anothers losse great pleasure take,  
 As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

xxxiii

The other nothing better was, then shee;  
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,  
 But in bad maner they did disagree:  
 For what so *Enuie* good or bad did fynd,  
 She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;  
 But this, what euer euill she conceiued,  
 Did spred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.  
 Yet this in all her words might be perceiued,  
 That all she sought, was mens good name to haue bereaued.

xxxiiii

xxx 6 hungerly 1609

For what soeuer good by any sayd, xxxiv  
 Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes inuent,  
 How to depraue, or slaunderously vpbrayd,  
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,  
 And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.  
 Therefore she vsed often to resort,  
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,  
 To hearke what any one did good report,  
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any, xxxv  
 She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,  
 And take great ioy to publish it to many,  
 That euery matter worse was for her melling.  
 Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling  
 Was neare to *Enuie*, euen her neighbour next;  
 A wicked hag, and *Envy* selfe excelling  
 In mischief: for her selfe she onely vext;  
 But this same both her selfe, and others eke perplex.

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort, xxxvi  
 Foming with poyson round about her gills,  
 In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short  
 Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,  
 Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils:  
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
 Vpon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,  
 And faynes to weaue false tales and leasings bad,  
 To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselues combynd in one, xxxvii  
 And linckt together gainst Sir *Artegall*,  
 For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,  
 How they might make him into mischief fall,  
 For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall,  
 Besides vnto themselues they gotten had  
 A monster, which the *Blatant beast* men call,  
 A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,  
 Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

Such were these Hags, and so vnhandsome drest:  
 Who when they nigh approching, had espyde  
 Sir *Ariegall* return'd from his late quest,  
 They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,  
 As it had bene two shepheards cures, had scryde  
 A rauenuous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes.  
 And *Enuie* first, as she that first him eyde,  
 Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes  
 About her eares, does beat her brest, and forhead knockes.

xxxviii

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,  
 The which whyleare she was so greedily  
 Deuouring, euen that halfe-gnawen snake,  
 And at him throwes it most despightfully.  
 The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily  
 Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,  
 But that some life remayned secretly,  
 And as he past afore withouten dread,  
 Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

xxxix

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,  
 And fouly rayle, with all she could inuent;  
 Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,  
 And foule abusion both his honour blent,  
 And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,  
 Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,  
 In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:  
 As for *Grandtorio*, him with treacherie  
 And traynes hauing surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

xi

Thereto the Blatant beast by them set on  
 At him began aloud to barke and bay,  
 With bitter rage and fell contention,  
 That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,  
 Began to quake and tremble with dismay;  
 And all the aire rebellowed againe.  
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,  
 And euermore those hags them selues did paine,  
 To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

xii

xl 5 And that bright sword the sword, of Iustice lent 1596


And still among most bitter wordes they spake, xlii  
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,  
That they the mildest man aliue would make  
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew  
To her, that so false slaunders at him threw.  
And more to make them pierce and wound more deepe,  
She with the sting, which in her vile tongue grew,  
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:  
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

But *Talus* hearing her so lewdly raile, xliii  
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,  
Would her haue chastiz'd with his yron flaile,  
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preserued,  
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.  
So much the more at him still did she scold,  
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerue  
From his right course, but still the way did hold  
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.



# THE SIXTE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

*Contayning*  
THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE  
OR  
OF COVRTESIE.

 He waies, through which my weary steps I guyde, 1  
In this delightfull land of Faery,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,  
And sprinckled with such sweet variety,  
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,  
My tedious traucell doe forget thereby;  
And when I gin to feele decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.  
Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures, 11  
Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,  
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly fury into them infuse;  
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,  
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

Reuele to me the sacred nursery

iii

Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden ly  
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.  
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furst  
From heauenly seedes of bounty soueraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,  
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre,

iv

Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,  
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,  
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,  
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:  
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,  
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,  
Ye will them all but fayned shoves esteeme,  
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies misdeeme.

But in the triall of true curtesie,

v

Its now so farre from that, which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,  
Fashion'd to please the eies of them, that pas,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd  
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras.  
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,

And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

But where shall I in all Antiquity

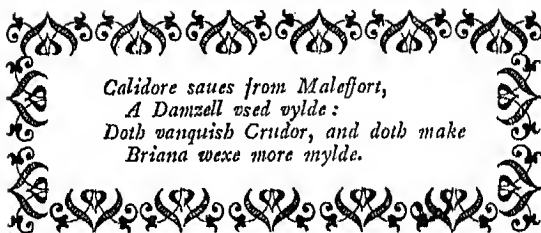
vi

So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene  
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,  
As in your selfe, O soueraine Lady Queene,  
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,  
It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame  
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;  
But meriteth indeede an higher name:

Yet so from low to high vplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraine,  
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,  
And to your selfe doe it returne againe:  
So from the Ocean all riuers spring,  
And tribute backe repay as to their King.  
Right so from you all goodly vertues well  
Into the rest, which round about you ring,  
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,  
And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.

## Cant. I.



**O**F Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,  
For that it there most vseth to abound ;  
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall  
That vertue should be plentifully found,  
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,  
And roote of ciuill conuersation.  
Right so in Faery court it did redound,  
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.  
But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,  
Then *Calidore*, beloued ouer all,  
In whom it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright  
And manners mylde were planted naturall ;  
To which he adding comely guize withall,  
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away.  
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,  
And well approu'd in batteilous affray,  
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.  
Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found  
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,  
For his faire vsage and conditions sound,  
The which in all mens liking gayned place,  
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace :  
Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,  
To please the best, and th'euill to embase.  
For he loathd leasing, and base flattery,  
And loued simple truth and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in trauell on his way,  
 Vppon an hard aduenture sore bestad,  
 Whenas by chaunce he met vppon a day  
 With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe sad  
 From his late conquest, which he gotten had.  
 Who whenas each of other had a sight,  
 They knew them selues, and both their persons rad:  
 When *Calidore* thus first; Haile noblest Knight  
 Of all this day on ground, that breathen liuing spright.

iv

Now tell, if please you, of the good successe,  
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.  
 To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expresse  
 His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,  
 In order as it did to him arize.  
 Now happy man (sayd then Sir *Calidore*)  
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,  
 Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;  
 That shall you most renowmed make for euermore.

v

But where ye ended haue, now I begin  
 To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde,  
 Or good direction, how to enter in,  
 Or how to issue forth in waies vntryde,  
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide,  
 In which although good Fortune me befall,  
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.

vi

What is that quest (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)  
 That you into such perils presently doth call?

The Blattant Beast (quoth he) I doe pursew,  
 And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
 Till I him ouertake, or else subdew:  
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place  
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.  
 What is that Blattant Beast? (then he replide.)  
 It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,  
 (Then answerd he) which often hath annoyd  
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

vii

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,  
 And fell *Chimæra* in her darkesome den,  
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;  
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,  
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then  
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,  
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:  
 Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent  
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

viii

Then since the saluage Island I did leaue,  
 Sayd *Artegall*, I such a Beast did see,  
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,  
 That all in spight and malice did agree,  
 With which he bayd and loudly barked at mee,  
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure.  
 But I that knew my selfe from perill free,  
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,  
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

ix

That surely is that Beast (saide *Calidore*)  
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore  
 Through all my weary trauell I haue had:  
 Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.  
 Now God you speed (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)  
 And keepe your body from the daunger drad:  
 For ye haue much adoe to deale withall.

x

So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall.

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,  
 When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,  
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,  
 Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound:  
 Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound  
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.  
 To whom approching, in that painefull stound  
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,  
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

xi

ix 1 leaue 1596

x 8 withall, 1596

withall; 1609

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought  
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?

xii

What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
And thee captuyed in this shamefull place?

To whom he answerd thus; My haplesse case

Is not occasiond through my misdesert,

But through misfortune, which did me abase

Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuert,

Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,

xiii

Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,

Which doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,

And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:

For may no Knight nor Lady passe along

That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,)

By reason of the streight, and rocks among,

But they that Ladies lockes doe shaue away,

And that knights berd for toll, which they for passage pay.

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,

xiv

Sayd *Calidore*, and to be ouerthrowne.

But by what meanes did they at first it reare,

And for what cause, tell if thou haue it knowne.

Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne

This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight.

Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:

She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,

And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdaine

xv

And proud despight of his selfe pleasing mynd,

Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,

Vntill a Mantle she for him doe fynd,

With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.

Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,

And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,

Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,

Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

He this same day, as I that way did come xvi  
 With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,  
 In execution of her lawlesse doome,  
 Did set vppon vs flying both for feare:  
 For little bootes against him hand to reare.  
 Me first he tooke, vnhabable to withstond;  
 And whiles he her pursued euery where,  
 Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:  
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.  
 Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek xvii  
 Of one loud crying, which they streight way ghest,  
 That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.  
 Tho looking vp vnto the cry to lest,  
 They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnblest  
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,  
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,  
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,  
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare.  
 Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld, xviii  
 Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left,  
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,  
 For to pursue that villaine, which had reft  
 That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft.  
 Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;  
 Leaue faytor quickly that misgotten weft  
 To him, that hath it better iustifyde,  
 And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art defyde.  
 Who hearkning to that voice, him selfe vpreard, xix  
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,  
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,  
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;  
 And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him spake.  
 Art thou the caytiue, that defiest me,  
 And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,  
 Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?  
 Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,  
 That oft he made him stagger as vnstayd,  
 And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.  
 But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,  
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,  
 Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.  
 But when he felt him shrink, and come to ward,  
 He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

xx

Like as a water streame, whose swelling sourse  
 Shall driue a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,  
 And long restrayned of his ready course;  
 So soone as passage is vnto him lent,  
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.  
 Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,  
 When once he felt his foeman to relent;  
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,  
 Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

xxi

The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might  
 When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,  
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight  
 Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,  
 His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.  
 Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,  
 He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,  
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie  
 Vnto the ward, to open to him hastilie.

xxii

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,  
 The gate soone opened to receiue him in,  
 But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,  
 That euen in the Porch he him did win,  
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin.  
 The carkasse turnbling downe within the dore,  
 Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,  
 That it could not be shut, whilst *Calidore*  
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

xxiii

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,  
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;  
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,  
 As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,  
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away.  
 Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,  
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
 He was ymett, who with vncomely shame  
 Gan him salute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty blame.

xxiv

False traytor Knight, (sayd she) no Knight at all,  
 But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand  
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall;  
 Now comest thou to rob my house vnmand,  
 And spoile my selfe, that can not thee withstand?  
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
 Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,  
 Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:  
 And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.

xxv

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;  
 Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,  
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.  
 Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame  
 To punish those, that doe deserue the same;  
 But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,  
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.

xxvi

No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.  
 Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe  
 This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,  
 And doe in stead thereof mild curt'sie shoue  
 To all, that passe. That shall you glory gaine  
 More then his loue, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine.  
 Wherewith all full of wrath, she thus replyde;  
 Vile recreant, know that I doe much disdaine  
 Thy courtesie lore, that doest my loue deride,  
 Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

xxvii

- To take defiaunce at a Ladies word  
 (Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;  
 But were he here, that would it with his sword  
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.  
 Cowherd (quoth she) were not, that thou wouldst fly,  
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.  
 If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty  
 I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace  
 With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.  
 With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,  
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould,  
 A priuy token, which betweene them past,  
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could,  
 To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would  
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,  
 Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,  
 Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
 And all her people murdred with outrageous might.  
 The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;  
 But *Calidore* did with her there abyde  
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight,  
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde,  
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,  
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:  
 Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,  
 Did well endure her womanish disclaime,  
 And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.  
 The morrow next, before the lampe of light  
 About the earth vpreard his flaming head,  
 The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,  
 Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread,  
 He would her succour, and aliue or dead  
 Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:  
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;  
 And that of him she mote assured stand,  
 He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

xxviii

xxlix

xxx

xxxli

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became, xxxii  
And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:  
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Calidore*,  
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore.  
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,  
Did issue forth, to meete his foe afore;  
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight  
He spide come pricking on with al his powre and might.  
Well weend he streight, that he should be the same, xxxiii  
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;  
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,  
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.  
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine,  
With so fell fury, and dispiteous forse,  
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,  
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.  
But *Calidore* vprose againe full light, xxxiv  
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,  
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:  
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.  
But when *Briana* saw that drery stound,  
There where she stood vppon the Castle wall,  
She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground,  
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,  
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.  
Nathlesse at length him selfe he did vpreare xxxv  
In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,  
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill  
Of his late fall, a while he rested still:  
But when he saw his foe before in vew,  
He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill  
Kindling a fresh, gan battell ro renew,  
To proue if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray  
 Betwixt them two, for maystery of might.  
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
 And passing well expert in single fight,  
 And both inflam'd with furious despight:  
 Which as it still encreast, so still increast  
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;  
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,  
 Ne once to breath a while their angers tempest ceast.  
 Thus long they trac'd and trauerst to and fro,  
 And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make  
 Into the life of his malignant foe;  
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,  
 As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake  
 Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,  
 That at the last like to a purple lake  
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
 Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.  
 At length it chaunst, that both their hands on hie  
 At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,  
 Thinking the vtmost of their force to trie,  
 And proue the finall fortune of the fight:  
 But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,  
 And nimbler handed, then hisemie,  
 Preuented him before his stroke could light,  
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,  
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.  
 And ere he could recouer foot againe,  
 He following that faire aduantage fast,  
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,  
 That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;  
 And leaping to him light, would haue vnlast  
 His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.  
 Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,  
 Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,  
 But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

xxxvi 9 breathe 1609

xxxviii 1 hie, 1596

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,  
 And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat  
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;  
 And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
 That menaced me from the field to beat,  
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,  
 Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,  
 But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,  
 The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

xi

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,  
 That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,  
 How euer strong and fortunate in fight,  
 Then the reproch of pride and cruellnesse.  
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,  
 Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:  
 All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,  
 Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;  
 What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

xii

Who will not mercie vnto others shew,  
 How can he mercy euer hope to haue?  
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew.  
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to craue,  
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue;  
 With these conditions, which I will propound:  
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue  
 Vnto all errant knights, whereso on ground;  
 Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and stound.

xiii

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell  
 In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,  
 And promist to performe his precept well,  
 And whatsoeuer else he would requere.  
 So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare  
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
 To take *Briana* for his louing fere,  
 Withouten dowre or composition;  
 But to release his former foule condition.

xiiii

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth  
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,  
 He vp arose, how euer liefc or loth,  
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye.  
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
 The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:  
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray,  
 Sir *Calidore* vpheard, and to her teld  
 All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

xlii

Whereof she now more glad, then sory earst,  
 All ouercome with infinite affect,  
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst  
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,  
 Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,  
 And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,  
 With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,  
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
 By which he had to her both life and loue restord.

xlii

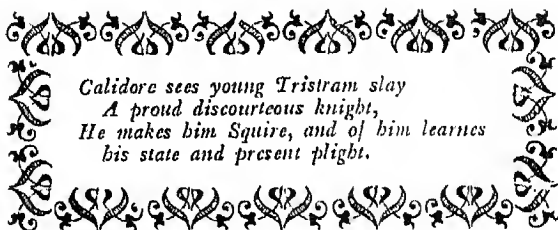
So all returning to the Castle glad,  
 Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,  
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
 To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,  
 By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:  
 And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*  
 She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,  
 And her selfe bound to him for euermore;  
 So wondrously now chaung'd, from that she was aforc.

xliii

But *Calidore* himselfe would not retaine  
 Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,  
 But gaue them streight vnto that Squire againe,  
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
 And to his damzell as their rightfull meed,  
 For recompence of all their former wrong:  
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,  
 Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong,  
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

xliv

## Cant. II.



What vertue is so fitting for a knight,  
 Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should loue,  
 As Curtesie, to beare themselves aright  
 To all of each degree, as doth behoue?  
 For whether they be placed high aboue,  
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know  
 Their good, that none them rightly may reprove  
 Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe:  
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:  
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,  
 That euery action doth them much commend,  
 And in the eyes of men great liking find;  
 Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,  
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine.  
 For euerie thing, to which one is inclin'd,  
 Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:  
 Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforst with paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares,  
 Whose euery deed and word, that he did say,  
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,  
 And both the eares did steale the hart away.  
 He now againe is on his former way,  
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
 A tall young man from thence not farre away,  
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,  
 Against an armed knight, that did on horsebacke ryde.

iii 2 deed and word] act and deed 1596      3 eyes] eares *add.*      4 eares]  
 eyes *add.*

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw,  
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array:  
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,  
 To weet the cause of so vncomely fray,  
 And to depart them, if so be he may.  
 But ere he came in place, that youth had kild  
 That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;  
 Which when he saw, his hart was inly child  
 With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
 Yet seuentene yeares, but tall and faire of face  
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.  
 All in a woodmans iacket he was clad  
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;  
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,  
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,  
 Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,  
 As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;  
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;  
 And in his left he held a sharpe borespeare,  
 With which he wont to launch the saluage hart  
 Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare  
 That first vnto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* a while well hauing vewed,  
 At length bespake; What meanes this, gentle swaine?  
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,  
 By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?  
 Certes (said he) loth were I to haue broken  
 The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,  
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,  
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For not I him, as this his Ladie here

viii

May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,  
 Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;  
 But he me first, through pride and puissance strong  
 Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.  
 Perdie great blame, (then said Sir *Calidore*)  
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.  
 But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore

Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vprore.

That shall I sooth (said he) to you declare.

ix

I whose vnryper yeares are yet vnfit  
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,  
 Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit  
 To saluage chace, where I thereon may hit  
 In all this forrest, and wyld woodddie raine:  
 Where, as this day I was enraunging it,  
 I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine,  
 Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,

x

And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)  
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pas  
 Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.  
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,  
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,  
 He with his speare, that was to him great blame,  
 Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,  
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,

xi

Much was I moued in indignant mind,  
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
 Towards a Ladie, whom with vsage kind  
 He rather should haue taken vp behind.  
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,  
 Tooke in foule scorne, that I such fault did find,  
 And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,  
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned xii  
 His scornefull taunts vnto his teeth againe,  
 That he streight way with haughtie choler burned,  
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;  
 Which I enforst to beare though to my paine,  
 Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,  
 Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,  
 Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,  
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his speach xiii  
 Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke  
 That through the mayles had made so strong a breach  
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke  
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.  
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire  
 Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke,  
 Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire  
 Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all which, when as she could nought deny, xiv  
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,  
 Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; Neither will I  
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:  
 For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame:  
 And what he did, he did him selfe to saue:  
 Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame.  
 For knights and all men this by nature haue,  
 Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

But sith that he is gone irreuocable, xv  
 Please it you Ladie, to vs to aread,  
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,  
 To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread,  
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?  
 Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were  
 To rayse a lyuing blame against the dead:  
 But since it me concernes, my selfe to clere,  
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunst whylere.

This day, as he and I together roade  
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,  
 We chaunst to come foreby a couert glade  
 Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent  
 Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment  
 Of their franke loues, free from all gealous spyes:  
 Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content  
 An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,  
 And vnto him did shew all louely courtesyes.

xvi

Whom when my knight did see so louely faire,  
 He inly gan her louer to enuy,  
 And wish, that he part of his spoyle might share.  
 Whereto when as my presence he did spy  
 To be a let, he bad me by and by  
 For to alight: but when as I was loth,  
 My loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,  
 He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,  
 And with presumptuous powre against that knight streight go'th.

xvii

Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete  
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,  
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete:  
 Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight  
 Himselfe to yeeld his loue, or else to fight.  
 Whereat the other starting vp dismayd,  
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;  
 To leaue his loue he should be ill apayd,  
 In which he had good right gaynst all, that it gainesayd.

xviii

Yet since he was not presently in plight  
 Her to defend, or his to iustifie,  
 He him requested, as he was a knight,  
 To lend him day his better right to trie,  
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,  
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,  
 Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,  
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;  
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

xix

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,  
 Whilest they together for the quarrey stroue,  
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,  
 And closely hid her selfe within the groue.  
 My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger droue  
 And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,  
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue  
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist  
 She hidden was, and sought her so long, as him list.

xx

But when as her he by no meanes could find,  
 After long search and chauff, he turned backe  
 Vnto the place, where me he left behind:  
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke  
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke  
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.  
 Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,  
 Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:  
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

xxi

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,  
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused  
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)  
 Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,  
 But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,  
 Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,  
 In vaine complayning, to be so abused.  
 For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,  
 But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

xxii

So passed we, till this young man vs met,  
 And being moou'd with pittie of my plight,  
 Spake, as was meet, for case of my regret:  
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.  
 Now sure (then said Sir *Calidore*) and right  
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:  
 Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,  
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hault  
 To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

xxiii

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy,  
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;  
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,  
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,  
 He prayd it much, and much admyred it;  
 That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,  
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit:  
 And when he long had him beholding stood,  
 He burst into these words, as to him seemed good.

xxiv

Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,  
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,  
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,  
 As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* sonne,  
 After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:  
 Well may I certes such an one thee read,  
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,  
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,  
 That in thy face appeares and gracious goodlyhead.

xxv

But should it not displease thee it to tell;  
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,  
 For loue amongst the woodie Gods to dwell;)  
 I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,  
 For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,  
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
 And wish thee grow in worship and great weale.  
 For since the day that armes I first did reare,  
 I neuer saw in any greater hope appeare.

xxvi

To whom then thus the noble youth; May be  
 Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,  
 Harme may arise vnweeting vnto me;  
 Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
 To you I will not feare it to relate.  
 Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,  
 Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate  
 Or fortune I my countrie haue forlorne,  
 And lost the crowne, which should my head by right adorne.

xxvii

And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire  
 Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne  
 In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire  
 Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine  
 Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.  
 After whose death, his brother seeing mee  
 An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,  
 Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,  
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

xxviii

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight  
 Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare  
 Of my fraile safetic, resting in the might  
 Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,  
 Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,  
 Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,  
 Thought best away me to remoue somewhere  
 Into some forrein land, where as no need  
 Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

xxix

So taking counsell of a wise man red,  
 She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight  
 Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,  
 The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,  
 Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight  
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong.  
 To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight  
 Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,  
 Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

xxx

All which my daies I haue not lewdly spent,  
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
 In ydlesse, but as was conuenient,  
 Haue trayned bene with many noble feres  
 In gentle thewes, and such like seemely leres.  
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been,  
 To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,  
 Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene;  
 Of which none is to me vnknowne, that cu'r was scene.

xxxI

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on perch, xxxii  
 Whether high trowing, or accoasting low,  
 But I the measure of her flight doe search,  
 And all her pray, and all her diet know.  
 Such be our ioyes, which in these forrests grow:  
 Onely the vse of armes, which most I ioy,  
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,  
 I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,  
 And being now high time these strong ioynts to imploy.  
 Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit xxxiii  
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,  
 Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,  
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
 That from henceforth in batteilous array  
 I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;  
 The rather since that fortune hath this day  
 Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
 These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.  
 All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard, xxxiv  
 Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,  
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
 And thus replide; Faire chyld, the high desire  
 To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
 I may not certes without blame denie;  
 But rather wish, that some more noble hire,  
 (Though none more noble then is cheualrie,  
 I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.  
 There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare xxxv  
 Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,  
 And neuer to be recreant, for feare  
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:  
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.  
 Full glad and ioyous then young *Tristram* grew,  
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,  
 Long shut vp in the bud from heauens vew,  
 At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.  
 xxxiii 2 sildome 1609      7 since| sith 1609      xxxiv 4 faire 1596

Thus when they long had treated to and fro, xxxvi  
 And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,  
 Chyld *Tristram* prayd, that he with him might goe  
 On his aduenture, vowing not to start,  
 But wayt on him in euery place and part.  
 Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,  
 And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,  
 In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:  
 Yet for the time this answer he to him behight.

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire, xxxvii  
 To haue thy presence in my present quest,  
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
 And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:  
 But I am bound by vow, which I profest  
 To my dread Soucraine, when I it assayd,  
 That in atchieuement of her high behest,  
 I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,  
 For thy I may not graunt, that ye so greatly prayde.

But since this Ladie is all desolate, xxxviii  
 And needeth safegard now vpon her way,  
 Ye may doe well in this her needfull state  
 To succour her, from daunger of dismay;  
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.  
 The noble ympe of such new seruice fayne,  
 It gladly did accept, as he did say.  
 So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,  
 And *Calidore* forth passed to his former payne.

But *Tristram* then despoyling that dead knight xxxix  
 Of all those goodly implements of prayse,  
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight  
 Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes;  
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.  
 And after hauing them vpon him dight,  
 He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayse  
 Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight,  
 So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

- There to their fortune leaue we them awhile, xi  
 And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;  
 Who ere he thence had traucild many a mile,  
 Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore  
 This knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded sore  
 Another knight in his despiteous pryde;  
 There he that knight found lying on the flore,  
 With many wounds full perilous and wyde,  
 That all his garments, and the grasse in vermeill dyde.
- And there beside him sate vpon the ground xii  
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning  
 With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,  
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning  
 To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.  
 Which sorie sight when *Calidore* did vew  
 With heauie eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,  
 His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,  
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.
- Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd: xiii  
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach  
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd  
 This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach  
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,  
 I may auenge him of so foule despight.  
 The Ladie hearing his so courteous speach,  
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,  
 And from her sory hart few heauie words forth sight.
- In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight xliii  
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,  
 loying together in vnblam'd delight,  
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
 Charg'd with his speare and mortally did wound,  
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reauce  
 From him, to whom she was for euer bound:  
 Yet when she fled into that couert greaue,  
 Hee her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had  
Well vnderstood, he gan of her demand,  
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,  
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.  
She then, like as she best could vnderstand,  
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe  
A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

xlii

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse streight way  
By many signes, which she described had,  
That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,  
And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:  
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight;  
These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,  
The meede of his desert for that despight,  
Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

xliii

Therefore faire Lady lay aside this griefe,  
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle bart,  
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe  
Were best deuise for this your louers smart,  
And how ye may him hence, and to what part  
Conuay to be recur'd. She thank't him deare,  
Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
And for the courteous care, which he did beare  
Both to her loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

xliv

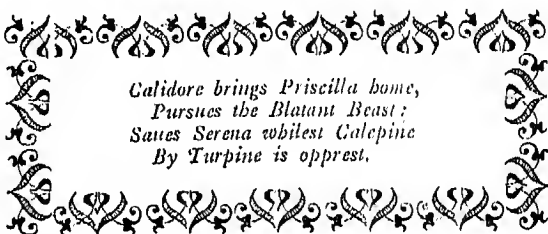
Yet could she not deuise by any wit,  
How thence she might conuay him to some place.  
For him to trouble she it thought vnfit,  
That was a straunger to her wretched case;  
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.  
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;  
Faire Lady let it not you seeme disgrace,  
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;  
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

xlv

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd  
 Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;  
 And powring balme, which he had long puruayd,  
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,  
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,  
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.  
 Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
 In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:  
 Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.

xlviit

### Cant. III.



**T**Rue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,  
 The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.  
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,  
 As by his manners, in which plaine is showne  
 Of what degree and what race he is growne.  
 For seldome scene, a trotting Stalion get  
 An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:  
 So seldome scene, that one in basenesse set  
 Doth noble courage shew, with curteous manners met.  
 But euermore contrary hath bene tryde,  
 That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;  
 As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,  
 By late ensample of that courteous deed,  
 Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
 Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought  
 Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.  
 There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
 To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

i

ii

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares, iii  
 That in his youth had beene of mickle might,  
 And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:  
 But now weake age had dimd his candle light.  
 Yet was he courteous still to euey wight,  
 And loued all that did to armes incline,  
 And was the father of that wounded Knight,  
 Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,  
 And *Aldus* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight, iv  
 With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,  
 By a faire Lady, and a straunger Knight,  
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,  
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,  
 That he these words burst forth; Ah sory boy,  
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare  
 Thou brings? aie me, is this the timely ioy,  
 Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope; v  
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
 That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,  
 They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,  
 And bring vs bale and bitter sorrowings,  
 In stead of comfort, which we should embrace:  
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.  
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,  
 Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight vi  
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,  
 To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,  
 And make their welcome to them well appeare:  
 That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;  
 But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her louer deare,  
 And inly did afflict her pensiuue thought,  
 With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

iv 5 doolefull 1609

For she was daughter to a noble Lord,  
 Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy  
 To a great pere; but she did disaccord,  
 Ne could her liking to his loue apply,  
 But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,  
 The lusty *Aladine*, though meaner borne,  
 And of lesse liuelood and hability,  
 Yet full of valour, the which did adorne  
 His meanesse much, and make her th'others riches scorne.

vii

So hauing both found fit occasion,  
 They met together in that luckelesse glade;  
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
 The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,  
 Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.  
 Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,  
 How great a hazard she at earst had made  
 Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,  
 How she the blame might salue with coloured disguise.

viii

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie  
 Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away  
 The pensieue fit of her melancholie;  
 And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,  
 To make them both as merry as he may.  
 So they the euening past, till time of rest,  
 When *Calidore* in seemly good array  
 Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,  
 Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

ix

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)  
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
 But by her wounded loue did watch all night,  
 And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.  
 So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,  
 That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe  
 He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,  
 And droue away the stound, which mortally attacht him.

x

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke, xi  
 He also gan vplooke with drery eye,  
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:  
 Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,  
 He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,  
 To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,  
 To which she for his sake had weetingly  
 Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:  
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiuing, did with plenteous teares xii  
 His care more then her owne compassionate,  
 Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:  
 So both conspiring, gan to intimate  
 Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
 And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,  
 How to saue whole her hazarded estate;  
 For which the onely helpe now left them last  
 Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpes were past.

Him they did decme, as sure to them he seemed, xiii  
 A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:  
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed  
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.  
 Earely, so soone as *Titans* beames forth burst  
 Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay  
 All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,  
*Calidore* rising vp as fresh as day,  
 Gan freshly him addresse vnto his former way.

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight xiv  
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
 And eke that Lady his faire louely lasse.  
 There he him found much better then he was,  
 And moued speach to him of things of course,  
 The anguish of his paine to ouerpasse:  
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,  
 Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

xi 5 sigh't 1609      xiii 7 rust. 1596

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold, xv  
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,  
 And all his disaduentures to vnfold;  
 That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did moue.  
 In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,  
 He him by all the bands of loue besought,  
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,  
 To safeconduct his loue, and not for ought  
 To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.  
 Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight, xvi  
 It to performe: so after little stay,  
 That she her selfe had to the iourney dight,  
 He passed forth with her in faire array,  
 Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,  
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.  
 So as they past together on their way,  
 He can deuize this counter-cast of slight,  
 To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.  
 Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went, xvii  
 The cause of all this euill, who was slaine  
 The day before by iust auengement  
 Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:  
 There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
 And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.  
 So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,  
 Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
 Most pensiue man, through feare, what of his childe became.  
 There he arriuing boldly, did present xviii  
 The fearefull Lady to her father deare,  
 Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
 Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
 Since first he saw her, and did free from feare  
 Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,  
 And by outrageous force away did beare:  
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
 And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her sire was her to see,  
 And heare th'adventure of her late mischaunce;  
 And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for fee  
 Of his large paines in her deliuerance  
 Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduance.  
 Thus hauing her restored trustily,  
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
 He there did make, and then most carefully  
 Vnto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

xix

So as he was pursuing of his quest  
 He chaunst to come whereas a iolly Knight,  
 In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,  
 To solace with his Lady in delight:  
 His warlike armes he had from him vndight:  
 For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,  
 And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight.  
 And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
 And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

xx

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,  
 Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,  
 Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,  
 That he so rudely did vppon them light,  
 And troubled had their quiet loues delight.  
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
 Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,  
 And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,  
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

xxi

With which his gentle words and goodly wit  
 He soone allayd that Knights conceiu'd displeasure,  
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;  
 And of adventures, which had in his measure  
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.  
 So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure  
 His long adventures gan to him relate,  
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

xxii

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,  
 The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)  
 Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,  
 And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight  
 With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight,  
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
 Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,  
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,  
 Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

xxiii

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere  
 The Blatant Beast forth rushing vnaware,  
 Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,  
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare,  
 Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfare  
 Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,  
 Who with the horroure of her haplesse care  
 Hastily starting vp, like men dismayde,  
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

xxiv

The Beast with their pursuit incited more,  
 Into the wood was bearing her apace  
 For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*  
 Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,  
 Him ouertooke in midst of his race:  
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,  
 Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,  
 And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;  
 For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

xxv

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw  
 There left on ground, though in full euill plight,  
 Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,  
 Staide not to succour her in that affright,  
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:  
 Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,  
 That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,  
 But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,  
 As if his lungs and lites were nigh a sunder brast.

xxvi

xxiii 2 *Serena*] *Crispina* 1596 Bodl. 5 delight; 1596, 1609  
 bare. 1596, 1609 5 in vaine om. 1612-13 8 starting, vp 1596

xxiv 4

And now by this Sir *Calepine*, so hight,  
Came to the place, where he his Lady found  
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,  
Hauing both sides through grypt with griesly wound.  
His weapons soone from him he threw away,  
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,  
Vprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,  
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

xxvii

So well he did his busie paines apply,  
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,  
To her fraile mansion of mortality.  
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,  
And setting on his steede, her did sustaine  
With carefull hands soft footing her beside,  
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,  
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

xxviii

Now when as *Phæbus* with his fiery waine  
Vnto his Inne began to draw apace;  
Tho waxing weary of that toylesome paine,  
In traouelling on foote so long a space,  
Not wont on foote with heauy armes to trace,  
Downe in a dale forby a riuers syde,  
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,  
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,  
In hope there for his loue some succour to prouyde.

xxix

But coming to the riuers side, he found  
That hardly passable on foote it was:  
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.  
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,  
Deuising what to doe, he nigh espyde  
An armed Knight approaching to the place,  
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,  
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

xxx

xxviii 6 softing foot 1596, 1609: corr. 1679

xxx 9 through 1596 ride 1596

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became) xxxi  
 Besought of courtesie in that his neede,  
 For safe conducting of his sickely Dame,  
 Through that same perillous foord with better heede,  
 To take him vp behinde vpon his steed.  
 To whom that other did this taunt returne.  
 Perdy thou peasant Knight, mightst rightly reed  
 Me then to be full base and euill borne,  
 If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame, xxxii  
 So fare on foote till thou another gayne,  
 And let thy Lady likewise doe the same.  
 Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,  
 And proue thy manhood on the billowes vayne.  
 With which rude speach his Lady much displeased,  
 Did him reproue, yet could him not restrayne,  
 And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eased,  
 For pittie of his Dame, whom she saw so diseased.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth xxxiii  
 Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,  
 And carelesly into the riuer goth,  
 As in despight to be so fowle abused  
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
 Of fowle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight;  
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,  
 With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vpright,  
 With th'other staide his Lady vp with steddy might.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight, xxxiv  
 Stood on the further bancke beholding him,  
 At whose calamity, for more despight  
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.  
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,  
 And saw his carriage past that perill well,  
 Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,  
 His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,  
 And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell.

Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,  
 And blot of all that armes vppon them take,  
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
 Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,  
 That thou for euer doe those armes forsake,  
 And be for euer held a recreant Knight,  
 Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,  
 And for thine owne defence on foote alight,  
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

xxxv

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,  
 Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,  
 But laught them out, as if his greater pryde  
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:  
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.  
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,  
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,  
 But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,  
 Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

xxxvi

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,  
 Turned his steede about another way,  
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
 Where was his won; ne did the other stay,  
 But after went directly as he may,  
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke,  
 Where he arriuing with the fall of day,  
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,  
 And myld entreaty lodging did for her besecke.

xxxvii

But the rude Porter that no manners had,  
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
 And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad.  
 Nathelesse the Knight now in so needly case,  
 Gan him entreat euen with submission base,  
 And humbly praid to let them in that night:  
 Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place  
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
 Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

xxxviii

xxxv 3 Which] That 1596 *Bodl.* xxxvi 3 pryde, 1596  
 xxxvii 9 for her did 1596 *Bodl.*

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earst,  
 When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,  
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst  
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost:  
 Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,  
 That should to me such curtesie afford,  
 Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforst.  
 But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,  
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

xxxix

His name (quoth he) if that thou list to learne,  
 Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,  
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne  
 In all assaies to euery errant Knight,  
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.  
 Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiaunt be,  
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:  
 For seldome yet did liuing creature see,  
 That curtesie and manhood euer disagrec.

xli

But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,  
 That here is at his gate an errant Knight,  
 That house-rome craues, yet would be loth t'assay  
 The prooffe of battell, now in doubtfull night,  
 Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:  
 Yet if he needes will fight, craue leane till morne,  
 And tell withall, the lamentable plight,  
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
 That pittie craues, as he of woman was yborne.

xlii

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord  
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;  
 Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
 Not onely did not his demaund approue,  
 But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his loue;  
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,  
 Him of vngentle vsage did reprove  
 And earnestly entreated that they might  
 Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

xliii

xli 7 with all 1596

xlii 4 approue] reprove 1596 7 reprove] approue 1596

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought, xiii  
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.  
Which answer when the groome returning, brought  
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame  
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
That he could not thereof auenged bee:  
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,  
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;  
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.  
But all in vaine; for why, no remedy xlii  
He saw, the present mischiefe to redresse,  
But th'vtmost end perforce for to aby,  
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.  
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,  
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,  
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,  
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.  
The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day xlii  
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
*Serena* full of dolorous dismay,  
Twixt darkenesse dread, and hope of liuing light,  
Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.  
Then *Calepine*, how euer inly wroth,  
And greedy to auenge that vile despight,  
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.  
He goth on foote all armed by her side, xlii  
Vpstaying still her selfe vppon her steede,  
Being vnhabile else alone to ride;  
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:  
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,  
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,  
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,  
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,  
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde,  
 Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,  
 By certaine signes he plainely him descryde,  
 To be the man, that with such scornefull pryde  
 Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday;  
 Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguyde  
 His former malice to some new assay,  
 He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

xlvii

By this the other came in place likewise,  
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
 He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure  
 Of his sore vengeance, or to make auoure  
 Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:  
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure  
 His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun  
 The perill of his pride, or else be ouerrun.

xlviii

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,  
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,  
 And like a wilde goate round about did chace,  
 Flying the fury of his bloody will.  
 But his best succour and refuge was still  
 Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,  
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
 As euer he to Lady was affyde,  
 To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde.

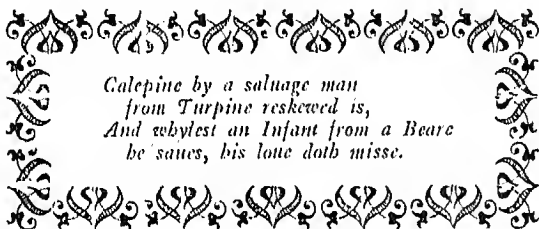
xlix

But he the more thereby enraged was,  
 And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd,  
 So that at length, after long weary ehace,  
 Hauing by chaunce a close aduantage vew'd,  
 He ouer raught him, hauing long eschew'd  
 His violence in vaine, and with his spere  
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd  
 In great aboundance, as a well it were,  
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

l

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
 But chaste him still, for all his Ladies cry,  
 Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground  
 He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously:  
 The which was certes in great ieopardy,  
 Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,  
 And saued from his cruell villany.  
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:  
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

## Cant. IIII.



**L**Ike as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
 Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,  
 Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,  
 At last some fisher barke doth neare behold,  
 That giueth comfort to her courage cold.  
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight  
 Being oppressed by that faytour bold,  
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,  
 And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,  
 A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
 Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shrighr,  
 Toward the same incessantly did ronne,  
 To vnderstand what there was to be donne.  
 There he this most discourteous crauen found,  
 As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,  
 Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,  
 Ne sparing him the more for all his gricuous wound.

The saluage man, that neuer till this houre  
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,  
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure  
 Was much emmoued at his perils vew,  
 That euen his ruder hart began to rew,  
 And feele compassion of his euill plight,  
 Against his foe that did him so pursew:  
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
 And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
 Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,  
 Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite,  
 But naked without needfull vestiments,  
 To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,  
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,  
 No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:  
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayed not t'aduize, which way were best  
 His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,  
 But with fierce fury and with force infest  
 Vpon him ran; who being well prepard,  
 His first assault full warily did ward,  
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare  
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard,  
 That forst him backe recoyle, and reele areare;  
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,  
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,  
 And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,  
 Regarding neither speare, that mote him slay,  
 Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay,  
 The saluage nation doth all dread despize:  
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,  
 And held the same so hard, that by no wize  
 He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,  
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:  
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,  
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,  
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.  
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,  
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,  
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,  
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

vii

But after him the wyld man ran apace,  
And him pursewed with importune speed,  
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)  
And had he not in his extreamest need,  
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,  
He had him ouertaken in his flight.  
Who euer, as he saw him nigh succeed,  
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out, a thing vncomely for a knight.

viii

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,  
In following of him, that fled so fast,  
He wearie woxe, and hacke return'd againe  
With speede vnto the place, whereas he last  
Had left that couple, nere their vtmost east.  
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,  
Both for the perill of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

ix

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,  
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,  
And perill by this saluage man pretended;  
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,  
By reason that her knight was wounded sore.  
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

x

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,  
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,  
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
 His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,  
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;  
 For other language had he none nor speach,  
 But a soft murmure, and confused sound  
 Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach,  
 T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

xi

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,  
 When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
 Yet flowing fresh, as moued with the sight,  
 He made great mone after his saluage mood,  
 And running streight into the thickest wood,  
 A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,  
 Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:  
 The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,  
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

xii

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,  
 Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,  
 With him to wend vnto his winning neare:  
 To which he easily did them perswade.  
 Farre in the forrest by a hollow glade,  
 Couered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode  
 Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;  
 Where foot of liuing creature neuer trode,  
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

xiii

Thether he brought these vnacquainted guests;  
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed  
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests.  
 But the bare ground, with hoarie mosse bestrowed,  
 Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,  
 And the frutes of the forrest was their feast:  
 For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,  
 Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wyld beast  
 Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first behest.

xiv

xiii 4 perswade 1596

7 gloomy 1609  
xiv 1 Thither 1609

8 Where] There 1596

Yet howsocuer base and meane it were,  
 They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,  
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,  
 And sau'd from being to that caytiue thrall.  
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
 Compelled were themselues a while to rest,  
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small;  
 That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,  
 They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

xv

During which time, that wyld man did apply  
 His best endeouour, and his daily paine,  
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye  
 For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,  
 When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.  
 So as ere long he had that knightes wound  
 Recured well, and made him whole againe:  
 But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,  
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnsound.

xvi

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,  
 Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,  
 Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,  
 And without sword his person to defend.  
 There him befell, vnlooked for before,  
 An hard aduenture with unhappie end,  
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore  
 Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with gore.

xvii

The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,  
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,  
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
 To *Calepine*, whose cares those shrieches shrill  
 Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;  
 That after him he ran with zealous haste,  
 To rescue th'infant, ere he did him kill:  
 Whom though he saw now somewhat ouerpast,  
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

xviii

xviii 1 sricke 1609

xvi 8 hurt 1612-13

5 Pearcing 1609 *passim*

6 him, 1596, 1609

APPENDIX III

A 2

Well then him chaunst his heauy armes to want,  
 Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,  
 And hinder him from libertie to pant:  
 For hauing long time, as his daily weed,  
 Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,  
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,  
 That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed  
 From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,  
 Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

xix

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare  
 Ere long he ouertooke, and forst to stay,  
 And without weapon him assayling neare,  
 Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.  
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,  
 Vpon him turned, and with greedie force  
 And furie, to be crossed in his way,  
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse  
 To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

xx

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,  
 But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,  
 Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)  
 Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone  
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
 And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
 Being vnable to digest that bone;  
 Ne could it vpward come, nor downward passe,  
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

xxi

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,  
 Stryuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
 He with him closd, and laying mightie hold  
 Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,  
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;  
 And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,  
 Ere long enforst to breath his vtmost blast,  
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,  
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to straine

xxii

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine  
 The litle babe, sweet relikes of his pray;  
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,  
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,  
 And from his face the filth that did it ray,  
 And euery litle limbe he searcht around,  
 And euery part, that vnder sweathbands lay,  
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound  
 Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

xxiii

So hauing all his bands againe vptycle,  
 He with him thought backe to returne againe:  
 But when he lookt about on euery syde,  
 To weet which way were best to entertaine,  
 To bring him to the place, where he would faine,  
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,  
 Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme.  
 For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,  
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

xxlv

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell  
 Which way to take: now West he went a while,  
 Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.  
 So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,  
 With wearie trauell and vncertaine toile,  
 Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;  
 And euermore his louely litle spoile  
 Crying for food, did greatly him offend.  
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

xxv

At last about the setting of the Sunne,  
 Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,  
 And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:  
 Where looking all about, where he mote fynd  
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,  
 At length he heard vnder the forrests syde  
 A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,  
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,  
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

xxvi

To whom approching, when as she perceiued  
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
 As if she doubted to haue bene deceiued,  
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.  
 Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,  
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment  
 Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;  
 What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,  
 And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

xxvii

To whom she thus, What need me Sir to tell,  
 That which your selfe haue earst ared so right?  
 A wofull dame ye haue me termed well;  
 So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
 Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.  
 Nathlesse (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,  
 Doe it disclose, to ease your grieued spright:  
 Oftimes it haps, that sorrowes of the mynd  
 Find remedie vnsought, which seeking cannot fynd.

xxviii

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;  
 Sith then ye needs will know the grieffe I hoord,  
 I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,  
 The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord  
 Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
 From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt*;  
 Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,  
 And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,  
 That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

xxix

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
 As in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.  
 But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate  
 Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow  
 All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;  
 And like in time to further ill to grow,  
 And all this land with endlesse losse to ouerflow.

xxx

xxviii 1 what 1596      xxx 5 these] those 1609      6 ouerthrow 1596

For th'heauens enuying our prosperitie,  
 Haue not vouchsaft to graunt vnto vs twaine  
 The gladfull blessing of posteritie,  
 Which we might see after our selues remaine  
 In th'heritage of our unhappie paine:  
 So that for want of heires it to defend,  
 All is in time like to returne againe  
 To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend  
 To leape into the same after our liues end.

xxxi

But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,  
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke  
 That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,  
 For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,  
 That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.  
 Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne  
*Be gotten, not begotten*, which should drinke  
 And dry vp all the water, which doth runne  
 In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be fordonne.

xxxii

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,  
 That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,  
 The which through fame should farre be magnifide,  
 And this proud gyant should with braue emprise  
 Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to despize  
 The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;  
 Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.  
 Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares;  
 For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares.

xxxiii

Which when he heard, he inly touched was  
 With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe,  
 And when he had deuized of her case,  
 He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe  
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.  
 And hauing cheared her, thus said; Faire Dame,  
 In euils counsell is the comfort chiefe,  
 Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
 Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

xxxiv

If that the cause of this your languishment  
 Be lacke of children, to supply your place,  
 Lo how good fortune doth to you present  
 This litle babe, of sweete and louely face,  
 And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace  
 What euer formes ye list thereto apply,  
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace;  
 Whether ye list him traine in cheualry,  
 Or nourse vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

xxxv

And certes it hath oftentimes bene secne,  
 That of the like, whose linage was vnknowne,  
 More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene,  
 As their victorious deedes haue often shoven,  
 Being with fame through many Nations blowne,  
 Then those, which haue bene dandled in the lap.  
 Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were sowne  
 Here by the Gods, and fed with heauenly sap,  
 That made them grow so high t'all honorable hap.

xxxvi

The Ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach,  
 Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor geason,  
 Hauing oft scene it tryde, as he did teach.  
 Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,  
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,  
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,  
 As of her owne by liuerey and seisin,  
 And hauing ouer it a litle wept,  
 She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

xxxvii

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid  
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:  
 Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,  
 And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,  
 That when that infant vnto him she brought,  
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne,  
 And it in goodly thewes so well vpbrought,  
 That it became a famous knight well knowne  
 And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere are showne.

xxxviii

But *Calepine*, now being left alone

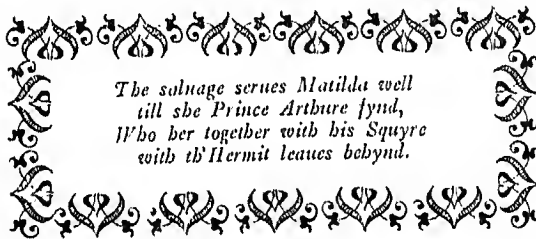
xxxix

Vnder the greenewoods side in sorie plight,  
 Withouten armes or steede to ride vpon,  
 Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,  
 Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,  
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,  
 And offred him, his courtesie to requite,  
 Both horse and armes, and what so else to lend,  
 Yet he them all refusd, though thank't her as a frend.

And for exceeding grieve which inly grew,  
 That he his loue so lucklesse now had lost,  
 On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,  
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;  
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,  
 Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe  
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in case embost,  
 Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,  
 Or vnderstand, that she in safetie did remaine.

xl

### Cant. V.



O What an easie thing is to descry  
 The gentle blood, how euer it be wrapt  
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity,  
 And wretched sorrowes, which haue often hapt?  
 For howsoeuer it may grow mis-shapt,  
 Like this wyld man, being vndisciplynd,  
 That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,  
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,  
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

l

xl 9 vnderstand; 1596

Arg. 1 *Matilda*] *Serena* corr. *Hughes* rightly  
 i 2 bewrapt 1596

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
 Who though he were still in this desert wood,  
 Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,  
 Ne euer saw faire guize, ne learned good,  
 Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood,  
 By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame.  
 For certes he was borne of noble blood,  
 How euer by hard hap he hether came;  
 As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who when as now long time he lacked had  
 The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,  
 Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
 As he of some misfortune were afayd:  
 And leauing there this Ladie all dismayd,  
 Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde,  
 To seeke, if he perchance a sleepe were layd,  
 Or what so else were vnto him betyde:  
 He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho backe returning to that sorie Dame,  
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,  
 By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;  
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,  
 Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,  
 That ruth it was to see him so lament.  
 By which she well perceiuing, what was done,  
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
 And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
 Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,  
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,  
 As if her breast new launcht with murderous knife,  
 Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.  
 There she long groueling, and deepe groning lay,  
 As if her vitall powers were at strife  
 With stronger death, and feared their decay,  
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,  
 He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,  
 And sought by all the meanes, that he could best  
 Her to recure out of that stony swound,  
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.  
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,  
 Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,  
 But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,  
 And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

vi

At length, when as no hope of his retourne  
 She saw now left, she cast to leaue the place,  
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,  
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.  
 His steede now strong through rest so long a space,  
 Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,  
 And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,  
 Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,  
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

vii

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,  
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.  
 Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare  
 Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,  
 And put them all about himselfe vnfit,  
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.  
 But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:  
 Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

viii

So forth they traueled an vneuen payre,  
 That mote to all men seeme an vncouth sight;  
 A saluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,  
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
 Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright.  
 But he did her attend most carefully,  
 And faithfully did serue both day and night,  
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,  
 Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

ix

Vpon a day as on their way they went,  
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed  
 To be disordred by some accident:  
 Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need  
 Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,  
 And streight his combrous armes aside did lay  
 Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,  
 And in his homely wize began to assay  
 T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

x

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,  
 Lo where a knight together with his squire,  
 All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward,  
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,  
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire  
 After aduentures, where they mote them get.  
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)  
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met  
 By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

xi

After that *Timias* had againe recured  
 The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)  
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,  
 To happie blisse he was full high vprear'd,  
 Nether of enuy, nor of chaunge afear'd,  
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,  
 And with vniust detraction him did beard;  
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,  
 That in her soueraine lyking he dwelt euermore.

xii

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke  
 Three mightie enemies did him most despight,  
 Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,  
 That him not onely sought by open might  
 To ouerthrow, but to supplant by slight.  
 The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,  
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;  
 The second not so strong but wise, *Decetto*;  
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Defetto*.

xiii

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ, xiv  
And seuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:  
For neither they by force could him destroy,  
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.  
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,  
They did their counsels now in one compound;  
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.  
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,  
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

Vpon a day as they the time did waite, xv  
When he did raunge the wood for saluage game,  
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,  
To draw him from his deare beloued dame,  
Vnwares into the daunger of defame.  
For well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,  
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame,  
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,  
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they deuised had, xvi  
Secing the vgly Monster passing by,  
Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
Ne skilfull of the vncouth icopardy;  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That his great force vnable to endure,  
He forced was to turne from him and fly:  
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew, xvii  
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight;  
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,  
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,  
So that he now has almost spent his spight.  
Till that at length vnto a woody glade  
He came, whose couert stopt his further sight,  
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade,  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,  
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
 And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
 Beare off their blowes, from percing thorough quite.  
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
 And all the while his backe for best safegard,  
 He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

xviii

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,  
 Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,  
 And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay  
 On euery side, and beat about him round;  
 But most that curre barking with bitter sownd,  
 And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,  
 That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,  
 And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder,  
 So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue asonder.

xix

Him well behoued so; for his three foes  
 Sought to encompass him on euery side,  
 And dangerously did round about enclose.  
 But most of all *Defetto* him annoyde,  
 Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde:  
 So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent,  
 But stout *Despetto* in his greater pryde,  
 Did front him face to face against him bent,  
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

xx

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,  
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,  
 He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,  
 Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;  
 When as vnwares he in the forrest heard  
 A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast  
 Did warne his rider be yppon his gard;  
 With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,  
 Reuiued was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

xxi

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye,  
 Who seeing one in so great daunger set  
 Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye;  
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,  
 For pittie so to see him ouerset.  
 Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,  
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get:  
 Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,  
 The couert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

xxii

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew  
 To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,  
 Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,  
 And him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
 Him thus bespake; My lief, my lifes desire,  
 Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?  
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre  
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft?  
 Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?

xxiii

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:  
 To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,  
 But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
 His deare affect with silence did restraine,  
 And shut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.  
 There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,  
 As to them seemed fit time to entertaine.  
 After all which vp to their steedes they went,  
 And forth together rode a comely couplement.

xxiv

So now they be arriued both in sight  
 Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found  
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,  
 With those braue armours lying on the ground,  
 That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.  
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,  
 Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:  
 But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,  
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

xxv

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,  
 And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,  
 Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,  
 That made him downe vnto the earth endline;  
 Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine,  
 And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,  
 Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue slaine,  
 Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,  
 And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

xxvi

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde  
 Vnto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:  
 Who to them stepping did them soone diuide,  
 And did from further violence restraints,  
 Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.  
 Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,  
 What and from whence she was, and by what traine  
 She fell into that saluage villaines hand,  
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

xxvii

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,  
 The wretchedst Dame, that liue this day on ground,  
 Who both in minde, the which most griueth me,  
 And body haue receiu'd a mortall wound,  
 That hath me driuen to this drery stound.  
 I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*,  
 Who whether he aliue be to be found,  
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pinc,  
 Since I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

xxviii

In saluage forrest I him lost of late,  
 Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,  
 - Or else remained in most wretched state,  
 Had not this wyld man in that wofull stead  
 Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.  
 In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,  
 Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,  
 It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd  
 So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

xxlix

Let me therefore this fauour for him finde,  
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,  
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:  
Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.  
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,  
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,  
That they to pittie turnd their former rage,  
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,  
She on her way cast forward to proceede,  
And they her forth conducted, where they might  
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.  
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;  
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was  
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,  
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas  
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,  
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease  
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe,  
And all the way the Prince sought to appease  
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,  
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,  
Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,  
And otherwhile with good encouragement,  
To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate  
The foule discour'tsies and vnknightly parts,  
Which *Turpine* had vnto her shewed late,  
Without compassion of her cruell smarts,  
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts  
Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;  
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,  
Not onely her excluded late at night,  
But also trayterously did wound her weáry Knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there auoud,  
 That soone as he returned backe againe,  
 He would auenge th'abuses of that proud  
 And shamefull Knight, of whom she did complaine.  
 This wize did they each other entertaine,  
 To passe the tedious trauell of the way;  
 Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,  
 By which a little Hermitage there lay,  
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

xxxiv

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stooode,  
 Which being all with Yuy ouerspred,  
 Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,  
 Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed:  
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led  
 In streight obseruance of religious vow,  
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;  
 And therein he likewise was praying now,  
 Whenas these Knights arriu'd, they wist not where nor how.

xxxv

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pas.  
 Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,  
 From his deuotion streight he troubled was;  
 Which breaking off he toward them did pace,  
 With stayed steps, and graue beseeching grace:  
 For well it seem'd, that whilome he had beene  
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,  
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,  
 How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseeene.

xxxvi

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,  
 So long as age enabled him thereto,  
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,  
 Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:  
 But being aged now and weary to  
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,  
 The name of knighthood he did disauow,  
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,  
 From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe assoyle.

xxxvii

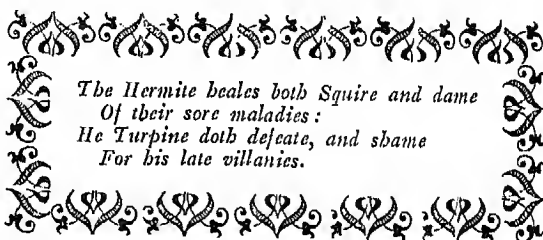
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He thence them led into his Hermitage, xxxviii  
 Letting their steedes to graze vpon the greene:  
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
 For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,  
 Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay bescene.  
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine  
 Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene  
 For courting fooles, that curtesies would faine,  
 But with entire affection and apperaunce plaine.  
 Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee xxxix  
 Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine;  
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,  
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine.  
 But faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,  
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine  
 Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beast*  
 Had giuen them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.  
 So all that night they past in great disease, xli  
 Till that the morning, bringing carely light  
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
 And some asswagement of their painefull plight.  
 Then vp they rose, and gan them selues to dight  
 Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame  
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
 Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame: (lame.  
 Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete were  
 Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd xlii  
 Would not permit, to make there lenger stay,  
 Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,  
 In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray  
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,  
 And with him eke the saluage, that whyleare  
 Seeing his royall vsage and array,  
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,  
 Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

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## Cant. VI.



**N**O wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,  
 As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy  
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight:  
 For by no art, nor any leaches might  
 It euer can recured be againe;  
 Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright  
 Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,  
 Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.  
 Such were the wounds, the which that *Blutant Beast*  
 Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;  
 And being such, were now much more increast,  
 For want of taking heede vnto the same,  
 That now corrupt and curelesse they became.  
 Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,  
 With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame  
 The poysnous humour, which did most infest  
 Their ranckling wounds, and euery day them duely drest.  
 For he right well in Leaches craft was scene,  
 And through the long experience of his dayes,  
 Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,  
 And past through many perillous assayes,  
 He knew the diuerse went of mortall wayes,  
 And in the mindes of men had great insight;  
 Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
 He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
 And al the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,  
 As any one, that liued in his daies,  
 And proued oft in many perillous fight,  
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,  
 And in all battels bore away the baies.  
 But being now attacht with timely age,  
 And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,  
 He tooke him selfe vnto this Hermitage,  
 In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

iv

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,  
 He found that they had festred priuily,  
 And ranckling inward with vnruely stounds,  
 The inner parts now gan to putrify,  
 That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,  
 And rather needed to be disciplinde  
 With holesome reede of sad sobriety,  
 To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:  
 Giue salues to euery sore, but counsell to the minde.

v

So taking them apart into his cell,  
 He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,  
 As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
 And eke could doc, as well as say the same,  
 And thus he to them sayd; Faire daughter Dame,  
 And you faire sonne, which here thus long now lie  
 In piteous languor, since ye hither came,  
 In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
 And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you applic.

vi

For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,  
 To heale your selues, and must proceed alone  
 From your owne will, to cure your maladie.  
 Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?  
 If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one.  
 First learne your outward sences to refraine  
 From things, that stirre vp fraile affection;  
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine  
 From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

vii

vi 5 faire 1596

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For from those outward sences ill affected,  
 The seede of all this euill first doth spring,  
 Which at the first before it had infected,  
 Mote easie be suppress with little thing:  
 But being growen strong, it forth doth bring  
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine  
 In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering  
 Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,  
 It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

viii

For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,  
 Are so exceeding venemous and keene,  
 Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore,  
 That where they bite, it booteth not to weene  
 With salue, or antidote, or other mene  
 It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;  
 For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,  
 And long in darksome *Stygian* den vpbrought,  
 Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

ix

*Echidna* is a Monster direfull dred,  
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;  
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,  
 That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:  
 Yet did her face and former parts professe  
 A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;  
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

x

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,  
 In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,  
 And from the earth, appointed haue her place,  
 Mongst rocks and caues, where she enrolld doth lie  
 In hideous horror and obscurity,  
 Wasting the strength of her immortall age.  
 There did *Typhaon* with her company,  
 Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage  
 Make th'heauens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

xi

Of that commixtion they did then beget  
This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;  
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
And poures his poysnous gall forth to infest  
The noblest wights with notable defame:  
Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,  
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

xii

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine  
To goe about to salue such kynd of sore,  
That rather needes wise read and discipline,  
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.  
Aye me (sayd then *Serena* sighing sore)  
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,  
If that no salues may vs to health restore?  
But sith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine)  
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

xiii

The best (sayd he) that I can you aduize,  
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:  
For when the cause, whence euill doth arize,  
Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,  
Vse scanted diet, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:  
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

xiv

Thus hauing sayd, his sickely patients  
Did gladly hearken to his graue beheast,  
And kept so well his wise commaundements,  
That in short space their malady was ceast,  
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast  
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceau  
Their wounds recur'd, and forces increast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,  
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leaue.

xv

But each the other vow'd t'accompany,  
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,  
 Now left alone in great extremity,  
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
 Would not her leaue alone in her great need.  
 So both together traueled, till they met  
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,  
 Vpon a mangy iade vnmeetely set,  
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

xvi

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,  
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
 I must a while forbear to you to tell;  
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite,  
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,  
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare  
 Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;  
 And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,  
 So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

xvii

The Prince according to the former token,  
 Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,  
 Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken  
 Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,  
 With which he had those two so ill bestad:  
 Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,  
 But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,  
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,  
 Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

xviii

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,  
 He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,  
 Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:  
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,  
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
 As he vnable were for very neede  
 To moue one foote, but there must make abode;  
 The whiles the saluage man did take his steede,  
 And in some stable neare did set him vp to feede.

xix

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,  
 That in rude wise him asked, what he was,  
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.  
 To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,  
 Mylde answer made; he was an errant Knight,  
 The which was fall'n into this feeble case,  
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight  
 Receiued had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

xx

But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
 Sternely did bid him quickly thence auunt,  
 Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old  
 Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,  
 Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,  
 And therefore lightly bad him packe away,  
 Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;  
 And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,  
 To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

xxi

Which when the Saluage comming now in place,  
 Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,  
 And running streight vpon that villaine base,  
 Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
 And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,  
 Him rudely rent, and all to peeeces tore:  
 So miserably him all helpelesse slew,  
 That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,  
 The people of the house rose forth in great vpror.

xxii

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,  
 And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,  
 Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,  
 And on them layd so huge and horribly,  
 As if they would haue slaine them presently.  
 But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
 And their assault withstood so mightily,  
 That maugre all their might, he did repell,  
 And beat them back, whilest many vnderneath him fell.

xxiii

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,  
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,  
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.  
Who hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in hast: where when as with the dead  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  
And saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,  
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

xxiv

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile,  
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly maner,  
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile  
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor  
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?  
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.  
With that him selfe to battell he did frame;  
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

xxv

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to haile  
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,  
He wist not to which side him to addresse.  
And euermore that crauen cowherd Knight  
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,  
Wayting if he vnwares him murther might:  
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

xxvi

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turnd with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gan to prepare;  
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent  
To fight with many foes about him ment,  
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell auengement;  
So likewise turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,  
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

xxvii

Who when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted, xxviii  
 Durst not the furie of his force abyde,  
 But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted  
 Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde.  
 But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,  
 He foot by foot him followed alway,  
 Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde  
 But ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay:  
 Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But when his foe he still so eger saw, xxix  
 Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
 Hoping vnto some refuge to withdraw:  
 Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,  
 Where so he went, but after him did make.  
 He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
 Whylest euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,  
 Still looking after him, that did him chace;  
 That made him euermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he vp into the chamber came, xxx  
 Whereas his loue was sitting all alone,  
 Wayting what tydings of her folke became.  
 There did the Prince him ouertake anone,  
 Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;  
 And with his sword him on the head did smyte,  
 That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:  
 Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,  
 The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright xxx  
 She starting vp, began to shrieke aloud,  
 And with her garment couering him from sight,  
 Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;  
 And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd  
 Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
 And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;  
 That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
 He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him discover,  
 Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,  
 But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiuer,  
 That euen the Prince his basenesse did despize,  
 And eke his Dame him seeing in such guize,  
 Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.  
 Who rising vp at last in ghastly wize,  
 Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,  
 As one that had no life him left through former feare.

xxxli

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
 And with sharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd;  
 Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,  
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,  
 Whereof thou caytiue so vnworthie art;  
 That both thy loue, for lacke of hardiment,  
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,  
 And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

xxxlii

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,  
 And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.  
 For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,  
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,  
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;  
 Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms despoile,  
 Or of their vpper garment, which they weare:  
 Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile  
 Maintaine this cuill vse, thy foes thereby to foile.

xxxlii

And lastly in approuance of thy wrong,  
 To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,  
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong  
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,  
 Either for fame, or else for exercize,  
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;  
 Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue emprise,  
 Gotten great worship in this worldes sight.  
 For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then right.

xxxlii

Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre

xxxvi

I giuen haue, liue in reproch and scorne;

Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare

Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne

With so braue badges one so basely borne;

But onely breath sith that I did forgiue.

So hauing from his crauen bodie torne

Those goodly armes, he them away did giue

And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There whilst he thus was setling things aboue,

xxxvii

Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,

To whom his life he graunted for her loue,

He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight

He had behynd him left that saluage wight,

Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought

By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:

Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought

If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found enuironed about

xxxviii

With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine,

And laying yet a fresh with courage stout

Vpon the rest, that did aliue remaine;

Whom he likewise right sorely did constraîne,

Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,

After he gotten had with busie paine

Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,

With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,

xxxix

Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,

And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:

Who them perceiuing, streight to him obeyd,

As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,

As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.

Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd

Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned

With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

xxxvi i since] sith 1609 thy] this 1609

Whom when the Saluage saw from daunger free,  
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,  
He well remembred, that the same was hee,  
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:  
Tho all in rage, he on him streight did seaze,  
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;  
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,  
He had not left one limbe of him vntrent:  
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

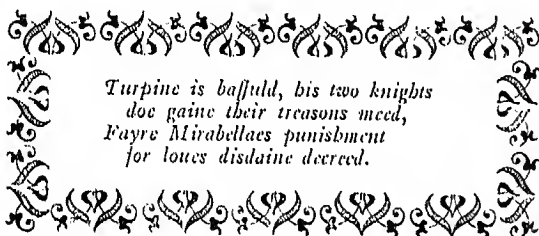
Thus hauing all things well in peace ordayned,  
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,  
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,  
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,  
The which for him she could imagine best.  
For well she knew the wayes to win good will  
Of euery wight, that were not too infest,  
And how to please the minds of good and ill,  
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,  
To some hid end to make more easie way,  
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned  
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:  
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,  
And when her listed, she could fawne and flatter;  
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,  
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;  
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were giuen her by kynd,  
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;  
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd.  
This well I wote, that she so well applyde  
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde  
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace.  
Who nathelasse not therewith satisfyde,  
His rancorous despyght did not releasse,  
Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge surceasse.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest  
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,  
 He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,  
 Willing to worke his villenous intent  
 On him, that had so shamefully him shent:  
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
 Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.  
 The morrow next the Prince did early rize,  
 And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

## Cant. VII.



**L**ike as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes,  
 In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,  
 Euen so the baser mind it selfe displayes,  
 In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.  
 For to maligne, t'enuie, t'vse shifting slight,  
 Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,  
 Which what it dare not doe by open might,  
 To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
 By such discourteous deedes discovering his base kind.

That well appeares in this discourteous knight,  
 The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;  
 Who notwithstanding that in former fight  
 He of the Prince his life receiued late,  
 Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate  
 He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew  
 For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.  
 Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,  
 Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps, as he did ryde, iii  
 Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,  
 But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,  
 Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,  
 Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.  
 At last he met two knights to him vnknowne,  
 The which were armed both agreeably,  
 And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,  
 Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.  
 To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously, iv  
 To cloke the mischiefe, which he inly ment,  
 Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
 Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,  
 Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:  
 Which if they would afford him ayde at need  
 For to auenge, in time conuenient,  
 They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
 And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.  
 The knights beleeu'd, that all he sayd, was trew, v  
 And being fresh and full of youthly spright,  
 Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,  
 In which they mote make triall of their might,  
 Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight;  
 And eke desirous of the offred meed,  
 Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,  
 The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
 That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?  
 He rides (said *Turpine*) there not farre afore, vi  
 With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,  
 That if ye list to haste a litle more,  
 Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde.  
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,  
 And ere that litle while they ridden had,  
 The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,  
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,  
 Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad.

iii 5 scathe 1609      7 arm'd 1596      v 7 where 1596  
 vi 4 tyde: 1596      tide: 1609

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde,  
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,  
Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde.  
With that they both at once with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ran; but th'one did misse his marke,  
And being carried with his force forthright,  
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heauenly sparke,  
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens darke.

But th'other ayming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,  
That all his launce in peeces shiuered quite,  
And scattered all about, fell on the flowre.  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre  
Full on his beuer did him strike so sore,  
That the cold steele through piercing, did deuowre  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight  
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,  
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,  
But th'other not so swift, as she before,  
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by,  
Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;  
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;  
Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
Let driue at him with so malitious mynd,  
As if he would haue passed through him quight:  
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,  
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince: for his well learned speare xi  
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe  
 About a launces length him forth did beare,  
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,  
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.  
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,  
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take  
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,  
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swayne beholding death so nie, xii  
 Cryde out aloud for mercie him to saue;  
 In lieu whereof he would to him descrie,  
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce.  
 The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgauce.  
 Then thus said he, There is a straunger knight,  
 The which for promise of great meed, vs draue  
 To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,  
 For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

The Prince much mused at such villenie, xiii  
 And sayd; Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed,  
 For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,  
 Vnlesse to me thou hether bring with speed  
 The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.  
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
 The guilt on him, which did this mischiefe breed,  
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
 He would surceasse, but him, where so he were, would seeke.

So vp he rose, and forth streight way he went xiv  
 Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore;  
 There he him found in great astonishment,  
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,  
 And griesly wounds that him appalled sore.  
 Yet thus at length he said, How now Sir knight?  
 What meaneth this, which here I see before?  
 How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,  
 So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in sight?

- Perdie (said he) in euill houre it fell,  
 That cuer I for meed did vndertake  
 So hard a taske, as life for hyre to sell;  
 The which I earst aduentur'd for your sake.  
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,  
 Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.  
 Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,  
 My due reward, the which right well I deeme  
 I yearned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.
- But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
- Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,  
 That cursed caytiue, my strong enemy,  
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?  
 And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?  
 He lyes (said he) vpon the cold bare ground,  
 Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;  
 Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound  
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.
- Thereof false *Turpin* was full glad and faine,
- And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,  
 Where he himselfe might sec his foeman slaine;  
 For else his feare could not be satisfide.  
 So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde  
 With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,  
 Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde  
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,  
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.
- Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
- That for his sake his deare life had forgone;  
 And him bewayling with affection base,  
 Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:  
 For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.  
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,  
 Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
 Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,  
 Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in sround.
- xv 9 earned 1609    xvi 1 wrathfully 1609    xvii 6 tracking 1609

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,  
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,  
 Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,  
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;  
 The whyles his saluage page, that wont be prest,  
 Was wandred in the wood another way,  
 To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,  
 The whyles his Lord in silucr slomber lay,  
 Like to the Euening starre adorn'd with deawy ray. xix

Whom when as *Turpin* saw so loosely layd,  
 He weened well, that he in deed was dead,  
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd:  
 But when he nigh approcht, he mote ahead  
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihed.  
 Whereat much grieu'd against that straunger knight,  
 That him too light of credence did mislead,  
 He would haue backe retyred from that sight,  
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight. xx

But that same knight would not once let him start,  
 But plainely gan to him declare the case  
 Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart;  
 How both he and his fellow there in place  
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
 And how that he in lieu of life him lent,  
 Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace  
 And follow through the world, where so he went,  
 Till that he him deliuered to his punishment. xxi

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,  
 Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;  
 And softly whispering him, entyrcly prayd,  
 T'aduize him better, then by such a traine  
 Him to betray vnto a straunger swaine:  
 Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,  
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
 To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,  
 Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize. xxii

Nathelesse for all his speach, the gentle knight  
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,  
 Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,  
 All were it to his mortall enemye,  
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:  
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.  
 Thus whylest they were debating diuerslie,  
 The Saluage forth out of the wood issew'd  
 Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

xxiii

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,  
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,  
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,  
 To weet great store of forrest frute, which hee  
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree,  
 Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,  
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
 Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,  
 That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

xxiv

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde  
 The traytour *Turpin* with that other knight,  
 He started vp, and snatching neare his syde  
 His trustie sword, the seruant of his might,  
 Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,  
 And his left hand vpon his collar layd.  
 Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,  
 Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him sayd,  
 But holding vp his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

xxv

But he so full of indignation was,  
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
 But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,  
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
 Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.  
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,  
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,  
 And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,  
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

xxvi

And after all, for greater infamie,  
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,  
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,  
The picture of his punishment might see,  
And by the like ensample warned bee,  
How euer they through treason doe trespassse.  
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,  
Whom late we left ryding vpon an Asse,  
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

xxvii

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,  
And lifted vp to honorable place,  
Famous through all the land of Faerie,  
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,  
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,  
That all men did her person much admire,  
And praise the feature of her goodly face,  
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire  
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

xxviii

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,  
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,  
But scornd them all, that loue vnto her ment,  
Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere,  
Vnworthy she to be belou'd so dere,  
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.  
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,  
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

xxix

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,  
That such proud looks would make her prayesd more;  
And that the more she did all loue despise,  
The more would wretched louers her adore.  
What cared she, who sighed for her sore,  
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?  
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;  
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

xxx

Through such her stubborne stifnesse, and hard hart,      xxxi  
 Many a wretch, for want of remedie,  
 Did languish long in lifeconsuming smart,  
 And at the last through dreary dolour die:  
 Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,  
 Did boast her beautie had such soueraine might,  
 That with the onely twinckle of her eye,  
 She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight.  
 What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,      xxxii  
 Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;  
 And nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
 Did laugh at her, that many did deride,  
 Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide.  
 For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,  
 As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,  
 Vnto the which all louers doe resort,  
 That of their loues successe they there may make report;

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,      xxxiii  
 In which the names of all loues folke were fyled,  
 That many there were missing, which were ded,  
 Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,  
 Or by some other violence despoyled.  
 Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,  
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,  
 He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,  
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,      xxxiv  
 Which wont doe suit and seruice to his might;  
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.  
 Therefore a Iurie was impaneld streight,  
 T'enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,  
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.  
 To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Despight*  
 Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,  
 And muredred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby  
 Of all those crymes she there indited was:  
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by  
 In great displeasure, wild a *Capias*  
 Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull lasse.  
 The warrant straight was made, and therewithall  
 A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,  
 Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;  
 He which doth summon louers to loues iudgement hall.

xxxv

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought  
 Vnto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:  
 But she thereto nould plead, nor answer ought  
 Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrayned.  
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned  
 In cases like, which when at last she saw,  
 Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdayned,  
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,  
 Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

xxxvi

The sonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd,  
 But where he is prouokt with peeuishnesse,  
 Vnto her prayers piteously enclynd,  
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;  
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse  
 He vnto her a penance did impose,  
 Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes  
 She wander should in companie of those,  
 Till she had sau'd so many loues, as she did lose.

xxxvii

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares  
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,  
 Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,  
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:  
 Yet had she not in all these two yeares space,  
 Saued but two, yet in two yeares before,  
 Through her dispiteous pride, whilst loue lackt place,  
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.  
 Aie me, how could her loue make half amends therefore?

xxxviii

xxxv 8 there] their 1609      xxxviii 7 Throgh 1596 (4<sup>o</sup> Art. Seld.  
 S. 22, Bodl.      9 therefore. 1596: therfore. 1609

And now she was vppon the weary way,  
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,  
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;  
 The whiles that mighty man did her demeane  
 With all the euill termes and cruell meane,  
 That he could make; And ceke that angry foole  
 Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vncleane  
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole  
 Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

xxxix

Ne ought it mote auaille her to entreat  
 The one or th'other, better her to vse:  
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate,  
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,  
 And rather did the more her beate and bruse.  
 But most the former villaine, which did lead  
 Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;  
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

xi

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,  
 And ceke of person huge and hideous,  
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
 And rather like a Gyant monstrous.  
 For sooth he was descended of the hous  
 Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine  
 Against the heauen in order battailous,  
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine  
 By *Arthure*, when as *Pras* Knight he did maintaine.

xli

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies  
 Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,  
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
 He scorned in his ouerweening pryde;  
 And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde  
 At euery step vppon the tiptoes hie,  
 And all the way he went, on euery syde  
 He gaz'd about, and stared horrible,  
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

xlii

He wore no armour, ne for none did care, xlili  
 As no whit dreading any living wight;  
 But in a iacket quilted richly rare  
 Vpon checklaton he was straungely dight,  
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
 Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;  
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,  
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,  
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse xliv  
 Through thick and thin, through mountains and through  
 Compelling her, wher she would not, by force, (plains,  
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.  
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,  
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,  
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she complaines,  
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,  
 To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld, xlv  
 And saw those villaines her so vildely vse,  
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,  
 And could no lenger beare so great abuse,  
 As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;  
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
 That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,  
 And maugre all his might, backe to relent:  
 Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore, xlvi  
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,  
 And with his yron batton, which he bore,  
 Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,  
 That for his safety he did him constraine  
 To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,  
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:  
 For bootelesse thing him seemed, to abide  
 So mighty blowes, or proue the puissaunce of his pride.

xlili 3 rare, 1596, 1609      xlv 3 not by force 1596, 1609  
 xlv 2 vilely 1609      xlvi 8 abide, 1596

Like as a Mastiffe hauing at a bay  
 A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat  
 Desperate daunger, if he them assay,  
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
 To spy where he may some aduauntage get;  
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:  
 So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,  
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,  
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

xlvi

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,  
 That at aduantage him at last he tooke,  
 When his foote slipt (that slip he dearly rewd,)  
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke;  
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,  
 Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,  
 And bound him fast: Tho when he vp did looke,  
 And saw him selfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,  
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

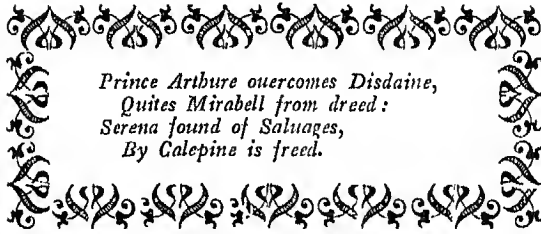
xlviii

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,  
 Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd;  
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,  
 But with his whip him following behynd,  
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:  
 And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes  
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd  
 Was much more grieuous, then the others blowes:  
 Words sharpely wound, but greatest grieve of scorning growes.

xlix

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall  
 Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought  
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
 And fled away with all the speede she mought,  
 To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:  
 And past through many perils by the way,  
 Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought;  
 The which discourse as now I must delay,  
 Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

l

*Cant. VIII.*

**Y**E gentle Ladies, in whose soucraine powre  
 Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,  
 And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,  
 In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,  
 Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;  
 Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,  
 That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;  
 Least if men you of cruelty accuse,  
 He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

i

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,  
 Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
 So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;  
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,  
 That all your other praises will deface,  
 And from you turne the loue of men to hate.  
 Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,  
 Who from the high degree of happy state,  
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

ii

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,  
 Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
 Was touched with compassion entire,  
 And much lamented his calamity,  
 That for her sake fell into misery:  
 Which booteth nought for prayers, nor for threat  
 To hope for to release or mollify;  
 For aye the more, that she did them entreat,  
 The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

iii

So as they forward on their way did pas,  
Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,  
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore,)  
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and haling him more vehement;  
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

lv

The Squire him selfe when as he saw his Lord,  
The witsesse of his wretchednesse, in place,  
Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captiue case,  
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,  
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:  
Shame would be hid. But whenas *Enias*  
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall.

v

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,  
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?  
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
Abusde, against all reason and all law,  
Without regard of pittie or of awe.  
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;  
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.  
But if ye please to lend me leaue a while,  
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

vi

The Prince assented, and then he streight way  
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
With which approching, thus he gan to say;  
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,  
That haue with treason thralld vnto you  
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;  
And now your crime with cruelty pursew.  
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;  
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

vii

The villaine stayd not aunswer to inuent,  
 But with his yron club preparing way,  
 His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;  
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,  
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:  
 No more then lightening from the lofty sky.  
 Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,  
 Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,  
 Viuwares defrauded his intended destiny.

viii

And to requite him with the like againe,  
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,  
 And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine  
 Saued him selfe, but that he there him slew:  
 Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,  
 And gaue his foe good hope of victory.  
 Who therewith flesht, vpon him set anew,  
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly  
 To haue supplyde the first, and paide the vsury.

ix

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call;  
 For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,  
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,  
 And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright  
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
 Rebeaten backe vpon him selfe againe,  
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;  
 From whence ere he recouery could gaine,  
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

x

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,  
 Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,  
 Laide heauy hands on him, and held so straye,  
 That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,  
 So as he could not weld him any way.  
 The whiles that other villaine went about  
 Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;  
 The whiles the foole did him reuile and flout,  
 Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

xi

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde xii  
By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,  
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,  
And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly  
Vppon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate xiii  
To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about so blist,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:  
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;  
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;  
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know  
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.

But yet the Prince so well enured was xiv  
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,  
That way to them he gaue forth right to pas.  
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,  
But wayt aduantage, when they downe did light.  
At last the caytiue after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,  
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft, xv  
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre,  
Thought sure haue pownded him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.  
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,  
The noble childe preuenting his desire,  
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

- It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now, xvi  
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,  
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,  
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,  
 It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;  
 So as it was vnable to support  
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,  
 But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,  
 Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.
- Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept, xvii  
 And least he should recouer foote againe,  
 His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.  
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;  
 Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,  
 From that vnwares ye weetlesse doe intend;  
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:  
 For more on him doth then him selfe depend;  
 My life will by his death haue lamentable end.
- He staide his hand according her desire, xviii  
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;  
 But still suppressing gan of her inquire,  
 What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,  
 That in that villaines health her safety lies:  
 That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,  
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,  
 Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble rights,  
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.
- Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast xix  
 Like many water streames, a while she stayd;  
 Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,  
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;  
 Nor heauens, nor men can me most wretched mayd  
 Deliuer from the doome of my desart,  
 The which the God of loue hath on me layd,  
 And damned to endure this direfull smart,  
 For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre  
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,  
 And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,  
 Of all her gifts, that pleasde each liuing sight,  
 I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,  
 And sude and sought with all the seruice dew :  
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,  
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,  
 Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

xx

But let them loue that list, or liue or die ;  
 Me list not die for any louers doole :  
 Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,  
 To pittie him that list to play the foole :  
 To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.  
 Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,  
 And sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,  
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine :  
 But all is now repayd with interest againe.

xxi

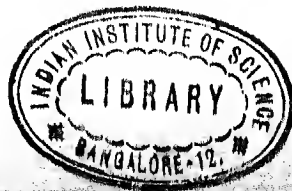
For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,  
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore,  
 And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,  
 Which I to others did inflict afore,  
 Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore ;  
 That in this wize, and this vnmeete array,  
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
*Disdaine* and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,  
 Till I haue sau'd so many, as I earst did slay.

xxii

Certes (sayd then the Prince) the God is iust,  
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile.  
 For were no law in loue, but all that lust,  
 Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,  
 His kingdome would continue but a while.  
 But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,  
 And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,  
 That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

xxiii

xxii 2 account 1609



Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd) xxiv  
 I put the teares of my contrition,  
 Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd:  
 And in this bag which I behinde me don,  
 I put repentaunce for things past and gon.  
 Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,  
 That all which I put in, fals out anon;  
 And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,  
 Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn.  
 The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale, xxv  
 And wondred much at *Cupids* iudg'ment wise,  
 That could so meekly make proud hearts auale,  
 And wreake him selfe on them, that him despise.  
 Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,  
 Who was not able vp him selfe to reare,  
 By meanes his leg through his late luckelesse prise,  
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare  
 Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neare.  
 But being vp, he lookt againe aloft, xxvi  
 As if he neuer had receiued fall;  
 And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,  
 As if he would haue daunted him withall:  
 And standing on his tiptoes, to sceme tall,  
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,  
 As if such pride the other could apall;  
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,  
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.  
 Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall, xxvii  
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
 Vnwilling to be knowne, or scene at all,  
 He from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.  
 But when approching neare, he plainly found,  
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,  
 He theat wext exceedingly astound,  
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,  
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane while the Saluage man, when he beheld  
 That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,  
 Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,  
 He flew vpon him, like a greedy kight  
 Vnto some carrion offered to his sight,  
 And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth  
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;  
 And from him taking his owne whip, therewith  
 So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

xxviii

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
 Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
 He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:  
 But being checkt, he did abstaine streight way,  
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;  
 Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,  
 That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,  
 Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,  
 Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

xxlx

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,  
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill  
 This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,  
 Least vnto me betide a greater ill;  
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.  
 So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,  
 But *Arthure* with the rest, went onward still  
 On his first quest, in which did him betide  
 A great aduenture, which did him from them deuide.

xxx

But first it falleth me by course to tell  
 Of faire *Serena*, who as earst you heard,  
 When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell  
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard  
 Of villany to be to her inferd:  
 So fresh the image of her former dread,  
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
 That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,  
 And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

xxxi

xxviii 3 vnweldy 1609

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres xxxii  
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
 Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.  
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought,  
 Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,  
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,  
 And sitting downe, her selfe a while bethought  
 Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine;  
 And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

And euermore she blamed *Calepine*,  
 The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,  
 As th'onely author of her wofull tine:  
 For being of his loue to her so light,  
 As her to leaue in such a piteous plight.  
 Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,  
 Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:  
 Who all this while endured for her sake,  
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,  
 And well disburdened her engrieued brest,  
 Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;  
 Where being tyrde with trauell, and opprest  
 With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.  
 There whilest in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,  
 Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,  
 False Fortune did her safety betray,  
 Vnto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,  
 There dwelt a saluage nation, which did liue  
 Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode  
 Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue  
 Them selues to any trade, as for to driue  
 The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
 Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue;  
 But on the labours of poore men to feed,  
 And serue their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,  
 To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,  
 And straungers to deuoure, which on their border  
 Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde.  
 A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde.  
 They towards euening wandring euery way,  
 To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,  
 Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
 Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay. xxxvi

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee xxxvii  
 They made amongst them selues; but when her face  
 Like the faire yuory shining they did see,  
 Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,  
 For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.  
 Then gan they to deuize what course to take:  
 Whether to slay her there vpon the place,  
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
 And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her xxxviii  
 Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:  
 For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.  
 Then when she wakt, they all gaue one consent,  
 That since by grace of God she there was sent,  
 Vnto their God they would her sacrificize,  
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,  
 But of her dainty flesh they did deuize  
 To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they them selues did place xxxix  
 Vpon the grasse, and diuersely dispose,  
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space.  
 Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;  
 Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;  
 Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboes bare:  
 The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose  
 Of finest flowres, and with full busie care  
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

xxxviii 5 since] sith 1609      xxxix 4 daintiest 1609

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce vpstart,  
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
 Whooping, and hallowing on euey part,  
 As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.  
 Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,  
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew  
 Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,  
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,  
 And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew.

xi

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;  
 And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,  
 And afterwards of all her rich array;  
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,  
 And of the pray each one a part doth beare.  
 Now being naked, to their sordid eyes  
 The goodly treasures of nature appeare:  
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,  
 Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest enuyes.

xii

Her yuoric necke, her alablaster brest,  
 Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,  
 For loue in soft delight thereon to rest;  
 Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,  
 Which like an Altar did it selfe vprere,  
 To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;  
 Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare  
 Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon  
 The spoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

xiii

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,  
 Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,  
 Those villeins vew'd with loose lasciuious sight,  
 And closely tempted with their craftie spies;  
 And some of them gan mongst themselues deuize,  
 Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.  
 But them the Priest rebuking, did aduize  
 To dare not to pollute so sacred thresure,  
 Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in measure.

xiiii

xi 3 hollowing 1609    xli 2 iewls 1596    xlii 4 sides 1596, 1609

So being stayd, they her from thence directed xliv  
 Vnto a litle groue not farre asyde,  
 In which an altar shortly they erected,  
 To slay her on. And now the Euentyde  
 His brode black wings had through the heauens wyde  
 By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned  
 For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:  
 Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,  
 And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho when as all things readie were aright, xlv  
 The Damzell was before the altar set,  
 Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.  
 To whom the Priest with naked armes full net  
 Approching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,  
 Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,  
 With other diuelish ceremonies met:  
 Which doen he gan aloft t'aduanche his arme,  
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill, xlvi  
 And shricke aloud, that with the peoples voyce  
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,  
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:  
 The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.  
 Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue  
 Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,  
 The selfe same euening fortune hether droue,  
 As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle xlvii  
 Had traueled still on foot in heauie armes,  
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyles,  
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:  
 And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,  
 In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,  
 Till being waked with these loud alarmes,  
 He lightly started vp like one aghast,  
 And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

xlv 9 aloud 1609  
 xlvii 3 toyle 1609    6 lost] tost Drayton (teste Collier)

There by th'vncertaine glims of starry night,  
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
 He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight  
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire:  
 Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire  
 He spyde, lamenting her vnluckie strife,  
 And groning sore from grieued hart entire,  
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife  
 Readie to launch her brest, and let out loued life.

xlviii

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,  
 And euen as his right hand adowne descends,  
 He him preuenting, layes on earth along,  
 And sacrificzeth to th'infernall feends.  
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,  
 Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,  
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:  
 The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,  
 Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons vew.

xlix

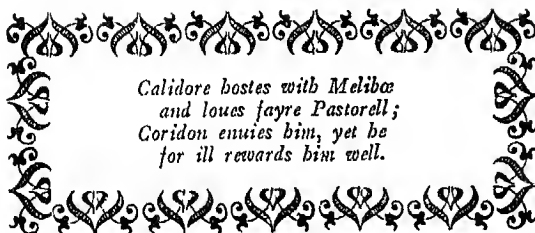
From them returning to that Ladie backe,  
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,  
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
 Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,  
 He first her hands beginneth to vnbind;  
 And then to question of her present woe;  
 And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.  
 But she for nought that he could say or doe,  
 One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

i

So inward shame of her vncomely case  
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,  
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,  
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,  
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood.  
 So all that night to him vnknownen she past.  
 But day, that doth discouer bad and good,  
 Ensewing, made her knownen to him at last:  
 The end whereof Ile keepe vntill another cast.

ii

## Cant. IX.



**N**OW turne againe my teme thou iolly swayne, I  
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;  
 I lately left a furrow, one or twayne  
 Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:  
 Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,  
 As I it past, that were too great a shame,  
 That so rich frute should be from vs bereft;  
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
 Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore* II  
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last  
 Sewing the *Blatant beast*, which I forbore  
 To finish then, for other present hast.  
 Full many pathes and perils he hath past, (plaines  
 Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through  
 In that same quest which fortune on him cast,  
 Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,  
 Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did pursew, III  
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest,  
 Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,  
 For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,  
 If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.  
 Him first from court he to the citties coursed,  
 And from the citties to the townes him prest,  
 And from the townes into the countrie forsed,  
 And from the country back to priuate farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,  
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,  
 And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,  
 Layes of sweete loue and youtnes delightfull heat:  
 Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat  
 He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,  
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,  
 And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie  
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

iv

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,  
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepherd groomes,  
 Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,  
 The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes  
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:  
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.  
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,  
 And them to tell him courteously besought,  
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

v

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,  
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend  
 Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:  
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)  
 They prayd high God him farre from them to send.  
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,  
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,  
 Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,  
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

vi

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
 And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne  
 They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed  
 Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,  
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.  
 Tho hauing fed his fill, he there besyde  
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne  
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,  
 Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

vii

iv 8 cotes 1609 9 time] time conj. Church  
 vii 8 tyde. 1596

vi 5 him] them 1596

Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed  
 Higher then all the rest, and round about  
 Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,  
 Of louely lasses, and them all without  
 The lustic shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,  
 The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,  
 And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,  
 As if some miracle of heauenly hew  
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.  
 And soothly surc she was full fayre of face,  
 And perfectly well shapt in eucry lim,  
 Which she did more augment with modest grace,  
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,  
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:  
 Who her admiring as some heauenly wight,  
 Did for their soueraine goddesses her esteeme,  
 And caroling her name both day and night,  
 The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.  
 Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne  
 But her did honour, and eke many a one  
 Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne  
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:  
 But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*  
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;  
 Yet neither she for him, nor other none  
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:  
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.  
 Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,  
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed  
 So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,  
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,  
 To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,  
 He was vnwares surprisd in subtile bands  
 Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed  
 By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
 Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

viii

ix

x

xi

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
 Ne any will had thence to moue away,  
 Although his quest were farre aforc him gon;  
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay,  
 And sate there still, vntill the flying day  
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersly  
 Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;  
 And euermore his speech he did apply  
 To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasy.

xii

By this the moystie night approaching fast,  
 Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,  
 That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast  
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,  
 For feare of wetting them before their bed;  
 Then came to them a good old aged syre,  
 Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,  
 With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,  
 That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

xiii

He was to weet by common voice esteemed  
 The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,  
 And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;  
 Yet was not so, but as old stories tell  
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,  
 In th'open fields an Infant left alone,  
 And taking vp brought home, and noursed well  
 As his owne chyld; for other he had none,  
 That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

xiv

She at his bidding meekely did arise,  
 And streight vnto her litle flocke did fare:  
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
 And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care  
 Gathcred together, and them homeward bare:  
 Whylest euerie one with helping hands did striue  
 Amongst themselucs, and did their labours share,  
 To helpe faire *Pastorella*, home to driue  
 Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

xv

But *Melibæ* (so hight that good old man)

xvi

Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,  
And night arriued hard at hand, began  
Him to inuite vnto his simple home;  
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,  
And all things therein meane, yet better so  
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.

The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,  
Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,

xvii

And of his aged Beldame homely well;  
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,  
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.  
By which home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,  
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,  
And supper readie dight, they to it fell  
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,

The which doth litle craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,

xviii

And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,  
The gentle knight, as he that did excell  
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,  
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,  
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;  
And drawing thence his speach another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happie life,

Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state,

xix

In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate,  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;  
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie  
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,

That certes I your happinesse enuie,  
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)  
 If happie, then it is in this intent,  
 That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine  
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
 But doe my self, with that I haue, content;  
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need  
 Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:  
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;  
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

xx

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,  
 Nor am enuyde of any one therefore;  
 They that haue much, feare much to loose thereby,  
 And store of cares doth follow riches store.  
 The litle that I haue, growes dayly more  
 Without my care, but onely to attend it;  
 My lambes doe euery yeare increase their score,  
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.  
 What haue I, but to praise th'Almighty, that doth send it?

xxi

To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,  
 And to great ones such follies doe forgiue,  
 Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,  
 And through ambition downe themselues doe driue  
 To sad decay, that might contented liue.  
 Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,  
 Ne once my minds vnmooued quiet grieue,  
 But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,  
 And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

xxii

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
 Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;  
 Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,  
 Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;  
 Another while I baytes and nets display,  
 The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:  
 And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay  
 My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,  
 And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

xxiii

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,  
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares  
 To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire:  
 For further fortune then I would inquire.  
 And leauing home, to roiall court I sought;  
 Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,  
 And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:  
 There I beheld such vaineesse, as I neuer thought.

xxiv

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded  
 With idle hopes, which them doe enttaine,  
 After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded  
 From natiue home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
 I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
 And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.  
 Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,  
 I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare  
 This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

xxv

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare  
 Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent;  
 Whose sensefull words emptierst his hart so neare,  
 That he was rapt with double rauishment,  
 Both of his speach that wrought him great content,  
 And also of the obiect of his vew,  
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;  
 That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,  
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

xxvi

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,  
 And to insinuate his harts desire,  
 He thus replyde; Now surely syre, I find,  
 That all this worlds gay shoves, which we admire,  
 Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre  
 Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
 Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,  
 Which tosseth states, and vnder foot doth tread  
 The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

xxvii

That euen I which daily doe behold

xxviii

The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,  
 And now haue prou'd, what happinesse ye hold  
 In this small plot of your dominion,  
 Now loath great Lordship and ambition;  
 And wish the heauens so much had graced mee,  
 As graunt me liue in like condition;  
 Or that my fortunes might transposed bee  
 From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (said then old *Melibæ*) doe men

xxix

The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,  
 Sith they know best, what is the best for them:  
 For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
 As they doe know each can most aptly vse.  
 For not that, which men couet most, is best,  
 Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;  
 But fittest is, that all contented rest  
 With that th y hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,

xxx

That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:  
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;  
 And other, that hath litle, askes no more,  
 But in that litle is both rich and wise.  
 For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore  
 They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,  
 Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans self (said *Calidore*)

xxxi

It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,  
 Giue leaue awhyle, good father, in this shore  
 To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late  
 With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,  
 In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,  
 That whether quite from them for to retrate  
 I shall resolute, or backe to turne againe,  
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
 Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;  
 For your meane food shall be my daily feast,  
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.  
 Besides for recompence hereof, I shall  
 You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,  
 That may perhaps you better much withall,  
 And in this quiet make you safer liue.  
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue.

xxxli

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer  
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
 And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer  
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display  
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.  
 But if ye algates couet to assay  
 This simple sort of life, that shepheards lead,  
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.

xxxlii

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,  
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,  
 Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,  
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.  
 During which time he did her entertaime  
 With all kind courtesies, he could inuent;  
 And euery day, her companie to gaine,  
 When to the field she went, he with her went:  
 So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

xxxlii

But she that neuer had acquainted beene  
 With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
 Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene,  
 But being bred vnder base shepheards wings,  
 Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,  
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,  
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings  
 Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:  
 His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

xxxlii

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it best  
 To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;  
 And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest  
 In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,  
 In stead of steelehead speare, a shepheards hooke,  
 That who had scene him then, would haue bethought  
 On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,  
 When he the loue of fayre *Oenone* sought,  
 What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

xxxvi

So being clad, vnto the fields he went  
 With the faire *Pastorella* euery day,  
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,  
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,  
 The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;  
 And euery euening helping them to fold:  
 And otherwhiles for need, he did assay  
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
 And out of them to presse the milke: loue so much could.

xxxvii

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise  
 Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,  
 He much was troubled at that straungers guize,  
 And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,  
 That this of all his labour and long paine  
 Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were,  
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
 Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,  
 That she did loue a stranger swayne then him more dere.

xxxviii

And euer when he came in companie,  
 Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,  
 And byte his lip, and euen for gealousie  
 Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,  
 Impatient of any paramoure:  
 Who on the other side did seeme so farre  
 From malicing, or grudging his good houre,  
 That all he could, he graced him with her,  
 Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

xxxix

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought xi  
 Or litle sparrowes, stolen from their nest,  
 Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,  
 Or other daintie thing for her addrest,  
 He would commend his guift, and make the best.  
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
 Ne him could find to fancie in her brest :  
 This newcome shepheard had his market mard.  
 Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day when as the shepheard swaynes together xii  
 Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,  
 As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,  
 The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,  
 They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,  
 That *Colin Clout* should pipe as one most fit ;  
 And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as hee  
 That most in *Pastorellaes* grace did sit.  
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

But *Calidore* of courteous inclination xiii  
 Tooke *Coridon*, and set him in his place,  
 That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion ;  
 For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.  
 And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,  
 Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,  
 And plast on his, he did it soone displace,  
 And did it put on *Coridons* in stead :  
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, when as they did dispose xiiii  
 To practise games, and maisteries to try,  
 They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chose ;  
 A garland was the meed of victory.  
 There *Coridon* forth stepping openly,  
 Did chalenge *Calidore* to wrestling game :  
 For he through long and perfect industry,  
 Therein well practisd was, and in the same (shame.  
 Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, and worke his foe great

xli 6 clout 1596      xliii 2 masteries 1609

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;  
 For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,  
 That with one fall his necke he almost brake,  
 And had he not vpon him fallen light,  
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.  
 Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*  
 Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;  
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
 Gaue it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

xlii

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abear  
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,  
 That euen they, the which his riuals were,  
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:  
 For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
 Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought  
 With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds  
 Of perfect loue did sow, that last forth brought  
 The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

xliii

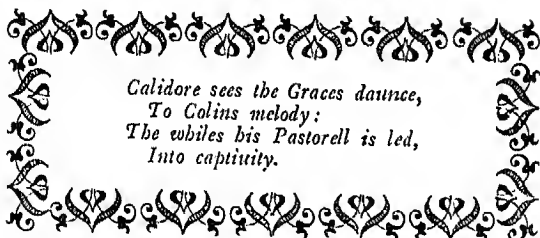
Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,  
 To winne the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;  
 Which hauing got, he vsed without crime  
 Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,  
 That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,  
 Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.  
 But what straunge fortunes vnto him befell,  
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
 Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

xlvi

xlv 5 breeds: 1596 9 bought] sought conj. Church  
 well 1596, 1609: corr. 1611

xlvi 5 dwell]

## Cant. X.



**W**Ho now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*,  
 Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,  
 Vnmyndfull of his vow and high becast,  
 Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,  
 That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd  
 From chacing him, till he had it attchieued?  
 But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,  
 He mindeth more, how he may be relieued  
 With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore engriued.  
 That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew  
 His former quest, so full of toile and paine;  
 Another quest, another game in vew  
 He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:  
 With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,  
 And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,  
 Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine  
 Of courtly fauour, fed with light report  
 Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.  
 Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,  
 From so high step to stoupe vnto so low.  
 For who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
 The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,  
 And prou'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow  
 Amongst poore hyudes, in hils, in woods, in dales,  
 Would neuer more delight in painted show  
 Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,  
 T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

ii 8 report, 1596      9 in] on 1596

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
 Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did vew?  
 The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,  
 That neuer more they should endure the shew  
 Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.  
 Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,  
 (Saue onely *Glorianaes* heavenly hew  
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;  
 The which as commeth now, by course I will declare.

iv

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,  
 Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,  
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,  
 Vnto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere  
 To passe all others, on the earth which were:  
 For all that euer was by natures skill  
 Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,  
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,  
 As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

v

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,  
 That round about was bordered with a wood  
 Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,  
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
 And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
 Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,  
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;  
 And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,  
 Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre.

vi

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud  
 His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,  
 Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,  
 Ne mote wyld beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne  
 Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:  
 But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,  
 In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,  
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,  
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

vii

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine  
 Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,  
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,  
 Or else to course about their bases light;  
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might  
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale:  
 So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,  
 Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;  
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

viii

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose  
 Her selfe to pleasaunce, vsed to resort  
 Vnto this place, and therein to repose  
 And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,  
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport;  
 That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it  
 She vsed most to keepe her royall court,  
 And in her soueraine Maiesty to sit,  
 She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

ix

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight  
 Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound  
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,  
 And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,  
 That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.  
 He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;  
 There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found  
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,  
 And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

x

He durst not enter into th'open greene,  
 For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,  
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;  
 But in the couert of the wood did byde,  
 Beholding all, yet of them vnspyde.  
 There he did see, that pleased much his sight,  
 That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,  
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,  
 All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

xi

All they without were raunged in a ring,  
 And daunced round; but in the midst of them  
 Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,  
 The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,  
 And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:  
 And in the midst of those same three, was placed  
 Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,  
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,  
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

xii

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore  
 Vpon her yuory forehead that same day,  
 That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore,  
 When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray,  
 With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them dismay;  
 Being now placed in the firmament,  
 Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,  
 And is vnto the starres an ornament,  
 Which round about her moue in order excellent.

xiii

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:  
 But she that in the midst of them did stand,  
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
 Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well  
 Did her beseeme. And euer, as the crew  
 About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,  
 And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;  
 But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

xiv

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
 Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt  
 Vppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:  
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,  
 And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,  
 Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,  
 That in the midst was placed parauaunt,  
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,  
 That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

xv

She was to weete that iolly Shepherds lasse,  
Which piped there vnto that merry rout,  
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)  
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.  
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout:  
Thy loue is present there with thee in place,  
Thy loue is there aduaunst to be another Grace.

xvi

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight,  
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,  
And standing long astonished in spright,  
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;  
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,  
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.  
Therefore resolving, what it was, to know,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

xvii

But soone as he appeared to their vew,  
They vanisht all away out of his sight,  
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;  
All saue the shepheard, who for fell despight  
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.  
But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,  
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

xviii

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,  
Haile iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes  
Here leadest in this goodly merry make,  
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;  
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,  
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?  
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:  
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

xix

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine, xx  
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,  
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,  
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,  
 But whom they of them selues list so to grace.  
 Right sory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)  
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.  
 But since things passed none may now restore,  
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so sore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate; xxi  
 Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou bee,  
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,  
 But differing in honour and degree:  
 They all are Graces, which on her depend,  
 Besides a thousand more, which ready bee  
 Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend:  
 But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling loue, xxii  
 By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,  
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,  
 As he this way comming from feastfull glee,  
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Æacidee*,  
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.  
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,  
 Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry:  
 Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow, xxiii  
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,  
 To make them louely or well fauoured show,  
 As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,  
 Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,  
 And all the complements of curtesie:  
 They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde  
 We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie;  
 To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuility.

xx i happy 1596      xxi 4 within] with in 1596  
 xxii 5 *ÆAcidee* 1596: *Acidee*, 1609      6 selfe] felfe 1596

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,  
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,  
 And also naked are, that without guile  
 Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,  
 Simple and true from couert malice free :  
 And eeke them selues so in their daunce they bore,  
 That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,  
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore ;  
 That good should from vs goe, then come in greater store.  
 Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see ;  
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,  
 Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,  
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced  
 With heauenly gifts from heuen first enrac'd ?  
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was,  
 To be the fourth with those three other placed :  
 Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,  
 Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.  
 So farre as doth the daughter of the day,  
 All other lesser lights in light excell,  
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array,  
 Aboue all other lasses beare the bell,  
 Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,  
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,  
 For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,  
 Haue for more honor brought her to this place,  
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.  
 Another Grace she well deserues to be,  
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
 Excelling much the meane of her degree ;  
 Diuine resemblaunce, beauty soueraine rare,  
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare ;  
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,  
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,  
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.  
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

xxlv

xxv

xxvi

xxvii

xxiv 7 froward] forward 1596, 1609 : corr. 1612-13

xxv 8 countrey 1596

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,  
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,  
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,  
 Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes;  
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,  
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayse,  
 That when thy glory shall be farre displayd  
 To future age of her this mention may be made.

xxviii

When thus that shepherd ended had his speach,  
 Sayd *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,  
 That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,  
 As now the author of thy bale to be,  
 Thus to bereaue thy loues deare sight from thee:  
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,  
 Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see.  
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

xxix

In such discourses they together spent  
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;  
 With which the Knight him selfe did much content,  
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed,  
 Both of his words, which he with reason red;  
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
 With such regard his sences rauished,  
 That thence, he had no will away to fare,  
 But wisht, that with that shepherd he mote dwelling share.

xxx

But that enuenim'd sting, the which of yore,  
 His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart  
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,  
 And to renue the rigour of his smart:  
 Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art  
 Mote him auaille, but to returne againe  
 To his wounds worker, that with louely dart  
 Dinting his brest, had bred his restlesse paine,  
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

xxxi

So taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,  
 He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,  
 Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine :  
 To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,  
 He daily did apply him selfe to donne  
 All dewfull seruice voide of thoughts impure :  
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,  
 By which he might her to his loue allure,  
 And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

xxxii

And euermore the shepherd *Coridon*,  
 What euer thing he did her to aggrate,  
 Did striue to match with strong contention,  
 And all his paines did closely emulate ;  
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate  
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,  
 Or to present her with their labours late ;  
 Through which if any grace chaunst to arize  
 To him, the Shepheard streight with icalousie did frize.

xxxiii

One day as they all three together went  
 To the greene wood, to gather strawberries,  
 There chaunst to them a dangerous accident ;  
 A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,  
 That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,  
 And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,  
 Did runne at *Pastorell* her to surprize :  
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate  
 Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

xxxiv

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in hast  
 To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,  
 Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,  
 Ne durst abide the daunger of the end ;  
 His life he steemed dearer then his frend.  
 But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,  
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend  
 His loues deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,  
 He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde.

xxxv

xxxii 5 donne, 1596 6 impure 1596  
 xxxiv 9 her] ere Drayton (*teste Collier*)

He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,  
 To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will,  
 With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
 That to the ground astonished he fell;  
 Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,  
 And hewing off his head, <he> it presented  
 Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*;  
 Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
 A thousand times him thank't, that had her death preuented.  
 From that day forth she gan him to affect,  
 And daily more her fauour to augment;  
 But *Coridon* for cowerdize reiect,  
 Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:  
 The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.  
 Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,  
 But vsde him friendly for further intent,  
 That by his fellowship, he colour might  
 Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight.  
 So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
 With humble seruice, and with daily sute,  
 That at the last vnto his will he brought her;  
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
 That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,  
 And ioyed long in close felicity:  
 Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,  
 That enuies louers long prosperity,  
 Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.  
 It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*  
 Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)  
 A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,  
 That neuer vsde to liue by plough nor spade,  
 But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
 Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,  
 The dwelling of these shepheards did inuade,  
 And spoyld their houses, and them selues did murder;  
 And droue away their flocks, with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, xi  
 They spoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,  
 And all his people captiue led away,  
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,  
 Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,  
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sight,  
 Now made the spoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,  
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,  
 That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken *Coridon*, xii  
 And carried captiue by those theeues away;  
 Who in the couert of the night, that none  
 Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,  
 Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.  
 Their dwelling in a little Island was,  
 Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
 Appeard for people in nor out to pas,  
 Nor any footing fynde for ouergrownen gras.

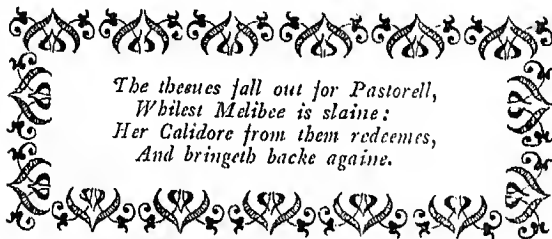
For vnderneath the ground their way was made, xiii  
 Through hollow caues, that no man mote discover  
 For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
 From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:  
 But darkenesse dred and daily night did houer  
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,  
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,  
 But with continuall candlelight, which delt  
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well scene, as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray, xiiii  
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward,  
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,  
 For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,  
 To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,  
 Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*  
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gard  
 Of griesly theeues, she thought her self in hell,  
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,  
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made,  
 Where day and night she nought did but lament  
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,  
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
 Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of sunne,  
 Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade.  
 But what befell her in that theeuish wonne,  
 Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

xlii

## Cant. XI.



THE ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,  
 Without affliction or disquietnesse,  
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,  
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,  
 Likier to heauen, then mortall wretchednesse.  
 Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,  
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,  
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,  
 To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.  
 Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,  
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song,  
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,  
 Amongst those theeues, which her in bondage strong  
 Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong  
 Contented, greater mischief on her threw,  
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;  
 That who so heares her heauinesse, would rew  
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

ii

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned, iii  
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,  
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordayned)  
 That he, which was their Capitaine profest,  
 And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,  
 One day as he did all his prisoners vew,  
 With lustfull eyes, beheld that louely guest,  
 Faire *Pastorella*, whose sad mournfull hew  
 Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired, iv  
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,  
 That her alone he for his part desired  
 Of all the other pray, which they had got,  
 And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.  
 From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,  
 And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;  
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed;  
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

But all that euer he could doe or say, v  
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remoue,  
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,  
 To graunt him fauour, or afford him loue.  
 Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,  
 By which he mote accomplish his request,  
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue;  
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,  
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last when him she so importune saw, vi  
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend  
 Vnto his lust, and make his will his law,  
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,  
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
 Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,  
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,  
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall:  
 A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,  
 With better tearmes she did him entertaine,  
 Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,  
 That he in time her ioyauce should obtaine.  
 But when she saw, through that small fauours gaine,  
 That further, then she willing was, he prest,  
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine  
 A sodaine sicknesse, which her sore opprest,  
 And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.  
 By meanes whereof she would not him permit  
 Once to approach to her in priuity,  
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,  
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
 And seeking all things meete for remedy.  
 But she resolu'd no remedy to fynde,  
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,  
 Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,  
 Her sicknesse was not of the body but the mynde.  
 During which space that she thus sicke did lie,  
 It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount  
 To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,  
 And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,  
 Arriued in this Isle though bare and blunt,  
 T'inquire for slaues; where being readie met  
 By some of these same theeues at the instant brunt,  
 Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set  
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.  
 To whom they shewed, how those marchants were  
 Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy,  
 And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there  
 Mote to them for their most commodity  
 Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.  
 This their request the Captaine much appalled;  
 Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,  
 And willed straight the slaues should forth be called,  
 And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

ix 7 th' instant 1609      x 8 he 1609

Then forth the good old *Melibæ* was brought, xi  
 And *Coridon*, with many other moe,  
 Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:  
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue.  
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,  
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,  
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,  
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,  
 The more t'augment her price, through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize xii  
 Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,  
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,  
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,  
 But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;  
 Little for him to haue one silly lasse:  
 Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,  
 That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.

So shew'd them her, to proue how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard, xiii  
 And eke but hardly scene by candle-light,  
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,  
 In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night,  
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,  
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
 That what through wonder, and what through delight,  
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,  
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

At last when all the rest them offred were, xiv  
 And prises to them placed at their pleasure,  
 They all refused in regard of her,  
 Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with measure,  
 Withouten her, whose worth aboue all threasure  
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.  
 But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,  
 Bad them be still, his loue should not be sold:  
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

xi 6 that] the 1609      xiv 2 prices 1609

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeues

Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear;

xv

For that same mayd, how euer it him greeues,  
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,

To make the prises of the rest more deare.

That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;

And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,

That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,

It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,

xvi

They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,

And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,

Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,

But making way for death at large to walke:

Who in the horror of the griesly night,

In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,

And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight

Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet

xvii

About some carcase by the common way,

Doe fall together, stryuing each to get

The greatest portion of the greedie pray;

All on confused heapes themselues assay,

And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;

That who them sees, would wonder at their fray,

And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare.

Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill,

xviii

Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,

Or rise against the remnant at their will;

Old *Melba* is slaine, and him beside

His aged wife, with many others wide,

But *Coridon* escaping craftily,

Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,

And flyes away as fast as he can hye,

Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,  
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended,  
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,  
 His target alwayes ouer her pretended;  
 By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,  
 He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,  
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
 Payre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound  
 Launcht through the arme, felldown with him in drierie swound.

xix

There lay she couered with confused preasse  
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell.  
 Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,  
 And each to other calling, did compell  
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,  
 Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.  
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well,  
 And lighting candles new, gan search anone,  
 How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

xx

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,  
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,  
 Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:  
 Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,  
 With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd;  
 Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light  
 Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,  
 And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,  
 To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

xxi

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,  
 They found that life did yet in her remaine:  
 Then all their helps they busily applyde,  
 To call the soule backe to her home againe;  
 And wrought so well with labour and long paine,  
 That they to life recouered her at last.  
 Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine  
 Had riuen bene, and all her hart strings brast,  
 With drecarie drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

xxii

xix 4 protended conj. Collier

There she beheld, that sore her grieu'd to see,  
 Her father and her friends about her lying,  
 Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee  
 Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,  
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying:  
 What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,  
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?  
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,  
 Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

xxiii

But when they saw her now relin'd againe,  
 They left her so, in charge of one the best  
 Of many worst, who with vnkind disclaime  
 And cruell rigour her did much molest;  
 Scarse yeelding her due food, or timely rest,  
 And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,  
 That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.  
 So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
 And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

xxiv

Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
 And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,  
 And his loue reft away, he wexed wood,  
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,  
 That euen his hart for very fell despight,  
 And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,  
 He chauft, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he sight,  
 And fared like a furious wyld Beare,  
 Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being elsewhere.

xxv

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,  
 Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;  
 That more increast the anguish of his paine.  
 He sought the woods; but no man could see there:  
 He sought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.  
 The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;  
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:  
 Where wout the shepheards oft their pypes resound,  
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

xxvi

At last as there he romed vp and downe,  
 He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,  
 That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,  
 With ragged weedes, and lockes vpstaring hye,  
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,  
 And yet his feare did follow him behynd:  
 Who as he vnto him approched nye,  
 He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,  
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

xxvii

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay  
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;  
 Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,  
 And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,  
 That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,  
 And vp to heauen his eyes fast streming threw.  
 Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,  
 But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew;  
 Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

xxviii

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore)  
 That euer I did liue, this day to see,  
 This dismall day, and was not dead before,  
 Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.  
 Die? out alas! then *Calidore* did cry:  
 How could the death dare euer her to quell?  
 But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,  
 Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell  
 Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away, and tell.

xxix

Tho when the shepheard breathed had a whyle,  
 He thus began: Where shall I then commence  
 This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle,  
 With cruell rage and dreadfull violence  
 Spoyld all our cots, and caried vs from hence?  
 Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue bene sold  
 To marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?  
 Or how those theeues, whilest one sought her to hold,  
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

xxx

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell  
 This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,  
 Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.  
 First all the captiues, which they here had hent,  
 Were by them slaine by generall consent;  
 Old *Melibæ* and his good wife withall  
 These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:  
 But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,  
 Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

xxxix

But what could he gainst all them doe alone?  
 It could not boot, needs mote she die at last:  
 I onely scapt through great confusione  
 Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,  
 In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;  
 That better were with them to haue bene dead,  
 Then here to see all desolate and wast,  
 Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead,  
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

xxxix

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,  
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,  
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,  
 That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,  
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;  
 Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were  
 To her, whose name he often did repeat;  
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,  
 When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

xxxix

But after grieve awhile had had his course,  
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
 Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,  
 And in his mind with better reason cast,  
 How he might saue her life, if life did last;  
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,  
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;  
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,  
 Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

xxxix

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew  
 The readie way vnto that theeuish wonne,  
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.  
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,  
 Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,  
 But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:  
 Yet *Calidore* so well him wrought with meed,  
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)  
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,  
 And both with shepherds hookes: But *Calidore*  
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.  
 Tho to the place when they approched nyc,  
 They chaunst, vpon an hill not farre away,  
 Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to espy;  
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
 The selfe same flockes, the which those theeues had reft  
 From *Melibw* and from themselues whyleare,  
 And certaine of the theeues there by them left,  
 The which for want of heards themselues then kept.  
 Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,  
 And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:  
 But when he saw the theeues, which did them keepe,  
 His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,  
 Though not his feare; for nought may feare disswade;  
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe  
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
 Whom *Coridon* him counseld to inuade  
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away;  
 But he, that in his mind had closely made  
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

xxxvi 5 they] him 1609    xxxvii 3 themselves 1596    8 keepe 1596

Tho sitting downe by them vpon the greene, xxxix  
 Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine;  
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene  
 Of *Pastorell*, were she aliue or slaine.  
 Mongst which the theeues them questioned againe,  
 What mister men, and eke from whence they were.  
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,  
 That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere  
 Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elsewhere.  
 Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made xi  
 To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:  
 For they themselues were euill groomes, they sayd,  
 Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
 But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.  
 Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,  
 To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:  
 For they for better hyre did shortly looke,  
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.  
 Tho when as towards darksome night it drew, xii  
 Vnto their hellish dens those theeues them brought,  
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
 And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.  
 There did they find, contrarie to their thought,  
 That *Pastorell* yet liu'd, but all the rest  
 Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:  
 Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,  
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grieve had most possest.  
 At length when they occasion fittest found, xiii  
 In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest  
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,  
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,  
 Hauing of late by diligent inquest,  
 Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:  
 With which he streight went to the Captaines nest.  
 But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,  
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast :  
 But *Calidore* with huge resistlesse might,  
 The dores assayled, and the locks vpbrast.  
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,  
 Vnto the entrance ran : where the bold knight  
 Encountring him with small resistance slew ;  
 The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright  
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new  
 Some vprore were like that, which lately she did vew.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,  
 And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call,  
 Knowing his voice although not heard long sin,  
 She sudden was reuiued therewithall,  
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall :  
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,  
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,  
 On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
 Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,  
 Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,  
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,  
 And life to feele, that long for death had sought ;  
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*,  
 When he her found, but like to one distraught  
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,  
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late vprore,  
 The hue and cry was raysed all about ;  
 And all the *Brigants* flocking in great store,  
 Vnto the caue gan preasse, nought hauing dout  
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.  
 But *Calidore* in th'entry close did stand,  
 And entertayning them with courage stout,  
 Still slew the formost, that came first to hand,  
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,  
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,  
 Which when he spyde vpon the earth t'encroeh,  
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way,  
 Mongst which he found a sword of better say,  
 With which he forth went into th'open light:  
 Where all the rest for him did readie stay,  
 And fierce assayling him, with all their might  
 Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

xlvi

How many flyes in whottest sommers day  
 Do seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,  
 That all the place with swarmes do ouerlay,  
 And with their litle stings right felly fare,  
 So many theeuues about him swarming are,  
 All which do him assayle on euery side,  
 And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:  
 But he doth with his raging brond diuide  
 Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

xlviii

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,  
 Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,  
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,  
 And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,  
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;  
 That none his daunger daring to abide,  
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay  
 Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,  
 Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide.

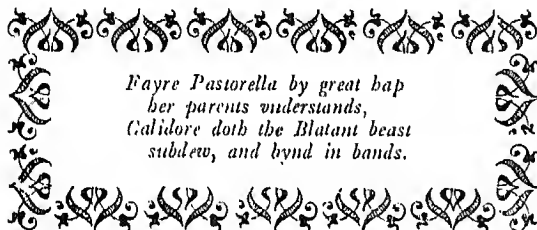
xlix

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,  
 He her gan to recomfort, all he might,  
 With gladfull speaches, and with louely cheare,  
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,  
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,  
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue  
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.  
 So her vneath at last he did reuiue,  
 That long had lyen dead, and made againe aliue.

1

This doen, into those theeuish dens he went,  
 And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,  
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
 But fortune now the victors meed did make;  
 Of which the best he did his loue betake;  
 And also all those flockes, which they before  
 Had reft from *Melibeæ* and from his make,  
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.  
 So droue them all away, and his loue with him bore.

## Cant. XII.



**L**ike as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde  
 Directs her course vnto one certaine cost,  
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,  
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,  
 And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;  
 Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,  
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:  
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
 Whose course is often stayd, yet neuer is astray.  
 For all that hetherto hath long delayd  
 This gentle knight, from sewing his first quest,  
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,  
 To shew the courtesie by him profest,  
 Euen vnto the lowest and the least.  
 But now I come into my course againe,  
 To his atchieuement of the *Blatant beast*;  
 Who all this while at will did range and raine,  
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught  
Faure *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,  
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;  
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre  
A lustie knight, as euer wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure  
In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,  
The fayrest Ladie then of all that liuing were.

iii

Her name was *Claribell*, whose father hight  
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound  
For his great riches and his greater might.  
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound  
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland* bordering nere,  
But she whose sides before with secret wound  
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empierced were,  
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

iv

And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,  
With dayly seruice and attendance dew,  
That of her loue he was entyrelly seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.  
Which when her father vnderstood, he grew  
In so great rage, that them in dongeon deepe  
Without compassion cruelly he threw;  
Yet did so streightly them a sunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

v

Nathlesse Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace  
Or secret guifts so with his keepers wrought,  
That to his loue sometimes he came in place,  
Whereof her wombe vnwist to wight was fraught,  
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought.  
Which she streight way for dread least, if her syre  
Should know thereof, to slay he would haue sought,  
Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre  
She should it cause be fostred vnder straunge attyre.

vi

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode  
 Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight  
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
 She forth gan lay vnto the open light  
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight.  
 Whom whylest she did with watrie cyne behold,  
 Vpon the litle brest like christall bright,  
 She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,  
 That like a rose her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

vii

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,  
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case,  
 But closing it againe like as before,  
 Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:  
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space  
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,  
 To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace  
 Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,  
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

viii

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe  
 His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,  
 Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,  
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped found  
 Th'abandon'd spoyle, he softly it vnbound;  
 And seeing there, that did him pittie sore,  
 He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;  
 So home vnto his honest wife it bore,  
 Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

ix

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,  
 And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her syre  
 Departed life, and left vnto them all.  
 'Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre  
 Were turn'd, and they to freedome did retyre.  
 Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,  
 And liued long in peace and loue entyre,  
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,  
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thether

x

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;  
 For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,  
 And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine  
 Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*  
 No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,  
 Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.  
 There they a while together thus did dwell  
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,  
 Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

xi

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize  
 Of his first quest, which he had long foreloze,  
 Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,  
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
 Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;  
 That much he feared, least reprochfull blame  
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;  
 Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,  
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

xii

Therefore resolving to returne in hast  
 Vnto so great achieuement, he bethought  
 To leaue his loue, now perill being past,  
 With *Claribell*, whylest he that monster sought  
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.  
 So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*,  
 Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,  
 With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,  
 He went forth on his quest, and did, that him befell.

xiii

But first, ere I doe his aduentures tell,  
 In this exploite, me needeth to declare,  
 What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,  
 During his absence left in heavy care,  
 Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:  
 Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,  
 To cherish her with all things choice and rare;  
 And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,  
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

xiv

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire  
 Was dighting her, hauing her snowy brest  
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest,  
 Chaunst to espy vpon her yuory chest  
 The rosie marke, which she remembred well  
 That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,  
 The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,  
 The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

xv

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast  
 In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd  
 Was that same infant, which so long sith past  
 She in the open fields had loosely layd  
 To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.  
 So full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast  
 Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,  
 To tell her, how the heauens had her graste,  
 To saue her chyld, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

xvi

The sober mother seeing such her mood,  
 Yet knowing not, what meant that sodaine thro,  
 Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,  
 And what the matter was, that mou'd her so.  
 My lief (sayd she) ye know, that long ygo,  
 Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue  
 A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho;  
 The same againe if now ye list to haue,  
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

xvii

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,  
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.  
 Most certaine markes, (sayd she) do me it teach,  
 For on her brest I with these eyes did vew  
 The litle purple rose, which thereon grew,  
 Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.  
 Besides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,  
 Matched with equall yeares, do surely priue  
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

xviii

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,  
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;  
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,  
 Rent vp her brest, and bosome open layd,  
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd.  
 Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,  
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;  
 And liuest thou my daughter now againe?  
 And art thou yet aliuie, whom dead I long did faine?

xix

Tho further asking her of sundry things,  
 And times comparing with their accidents,  
 She found at last by very certaine signes,  
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents  
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.  
 Tho wondring long at those so straunge euent,  
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,  
 With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

xx

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,  
 Which hauing thought long dead, she fyndes aliuie,  
 Let her by prooffe of that, which she hath fylde  
 In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:  
 For other none such passion can contriue  
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
 When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,  
 As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt  
 For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

xxi

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,  
 She vnto him recounted, all that fell:  
 Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,  
 Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.  
 There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell  
 Of *Calidore*, who seeking all this while  
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,  
 Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile  
 Him follow'd, by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

xxii

Through all estates he found that he had past,  
 In which he many massacres had left,  
 And to the Clergy now was come at last;  
 In which such spoile, such hauocke, and such theft  
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,  
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,  
 Who now no place besides vnsought had left,  
 At length into a Monastere did light,  
 Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

xxiii

Into their cloysters now he broken had,  
 Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,  
 And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
 And searched all their cels and secrets neare;  
 In which what filth and ordure did appeare,  
 Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast  
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
 And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,  
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

xxiv

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,  
 And rold the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,  
 And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,  
 And th'Images for all their goodly hew,  
 Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rew;  
 So all confounded and disordered there.  
 But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,  
 Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;  
 But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

xxv

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,  
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:  
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke  
 With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine  
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe  
 A full good pecke within the vtmost brim,  
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,  
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,  
 Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* griesly grim.

xxvi

xxvi 7 ranges 1609

And therein were a thousand tongs empight,  
 Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality,  
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,  
 And some of Beares, that groynd continually,  
 And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren,  
 And snar at all, that euer passed by:  
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

xxvii

And them amongst were mingled here and there,  
 The tongues of Serpents with three forked stings,  
 That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere  
 At all, that came within his raueninges,  
 And spake licentious words, and hatefull things  
 Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;  
 Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,  
 But either blotted them with infamie,  
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

xxviii

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afrayd,  
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,  
 That th'outrage of his violence he stayd,  
 And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,  
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,  
 That fomed all about his bloody iawes.  
 Tho rearing vp his former fecte on hight,  
 He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,  
 As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

xxix

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,  
 Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall  
 Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,  
 That backward he enforced him to fall,  
 And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
 His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,  
 Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall  
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,  
 Is forcibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly queld.

xxx

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,  
 To be downe held, and maystred so with might,  
 That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,  
 Striuing in vaine to rere him selfe vpriight.  
 For still the more he stroue, the more the Knight  
 Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;  
 That made him almost mad for fell despight.  
 He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,  
 And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

xxxI

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine  
 That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,  
 After that he had laboured long in vaine,  
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
 Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
 Whilest *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;  
 Who nathemore his heauy load releast,  
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

xxxII

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought auaille,  
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
 And sharply at him to reuile and raile,  
 With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;  
 Oft interlacing many a forged lie,  
 Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,  
 Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:  
 Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,  
 But strained him so streightly, that he chokt him neare.

xxxIII

At last when as he found his force to shrink, e,  
 And rage to quaille, he tooke a muzzell strong  
 Of surest yron, made with many a lincke;  
 Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,  
 And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,  
 For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,  
 Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:  
 And thereunto a great long chaine he tigh,  
 With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

xxxIv

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine, xxxv  
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
 Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,  
 And roring horribly, did him compell  
 To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell  
 To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,  
 And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell  
 For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne.  
 So led this Knight his captyue with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those xxxvi  
 Straunge bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,  
 Ne euer any durst till then impose,  
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more  
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore:  
 Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand  
 The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,  
 But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,  
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so, xxxvii  
 As if he learned had obedience long,  
 That all the people where so he did go,  
 Out of their townes did round about him throng,  
 To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,  
 And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;  
 And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,  
 Reioyced much to see his captiue plight,  
 And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might xxxviii  
 Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,  
 That neuer more he mote endammadge wight  
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed:  
 So did he eeke long after this remaine,  
 Vntill that, whether wicked fate so framed,  
 Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,  
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought xxxix

To mortall men, then he had done before ;

Ne euer could by any more be brought

Into like bands, ne maystred any more :

Albe that long time after *Calidore*,

The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,

And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,

And all his brethren borne in Britaine land ;

Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,

xli

And rageth sore in each degree and state ;

Ne any is, that may him now restraine,

He growen is so great and strong of late,

Barking and biting all that him doe bate,

Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime :

Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,

Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,

But rends without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,

xlii

Hope to escape his venemous despite,

More then my former writs, all were they clearest

From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,

With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,

And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,

That neuer so deserued to endite.

Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure,

And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens treasure.

FINIS.

xxxix 1 scathe 1609    xli 7 learned ] gentle 1609    xlii 2 H'ope 1596  
3 clearest ] clearest conj. Hughes    5 tongues 1596

# TWO CANTOS OF

*MUTABILITIE:*

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare  
to be parcell of some following Booke of the  
*FAERIE QUEENE,*

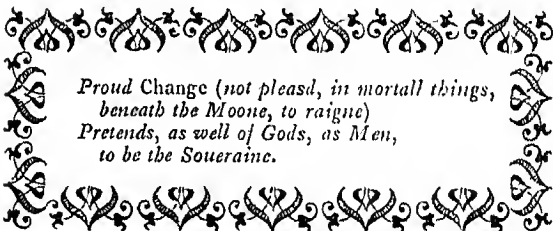
( . . )

VNDER THE LEGEND  
OF

*Constancie.*

Neuer before imprinted.

## Canto VI.



**W**Hat man that sees the euer-whirling wheele  
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,  
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,  
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play  
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?  
Which that to all may better yet appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How she at first her selfe began to reare,  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold  
Her antique race and lineage ancient,  
As I haue found it registred of old,  
In *Faery* Land mongst records permanent:  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome striue  
With *Saturnes* sonne for heauens regiment.  
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,  
Yet many of their stemme long after did suruiue.  
And many of them, afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;  
As *Hecate*, in whose almighty hand,  
He plac't all rule and principality,  
To be by her disposed diuersly,  
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:  
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie  
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,  
That makes both heauen and earth to tremble at her pride.  
So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;  
That as a Goddess, men might her admire,  
And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.  
At first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;  
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)  
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.  
For, she the face of earthly things so changed,  
That all which Nature had establisht first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:  
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst  
That God had blest; and did at first provide  
In that still happy state for cuer to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
 But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;  
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
 And death for life exchanged foolishlie;  
 Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,  
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.  
 O pittious worke of *MVTABILITIE*!  
 By which, we all are subiect to that curse,  
 And death in stead of life haue sucked from our Nurse.  
 And now, when all the earth she thus had brought  
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,  
 T'attempt the empire of the heauens hight,  
 And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.  
 And first, she past the region of the ayre,  
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,  
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,  
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.  
 Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,  
 Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,  
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,  
 All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story;  
 Whose siluer gates (by which there sate an hory  
 Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
 Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he lief or sory:  
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,  
 Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.  
 Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,  
 Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,  
 Environ'd with tenne thousand starres around,  
 That duly her attended day and night;  
 And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight  
*Vesper*, whom we the Euening-starre intend:  
 That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,  
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,  
 And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld

x

The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
 Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held  
 With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,  
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
 And t'envie her that in such glorie raigned.  
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,  
 Her to displace; and to her selfe to haue gained  
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesses downe descend,

xi

And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;  
 For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
 And better able it to guide alone:

Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,  
 Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,  
 Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone  
 Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,

Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat

xii

By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare  
 Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,  
 Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;  
 But with sterne countenance and disclainfull cheare,  
 Bending her horned browes, did put her back:  
 And boldly blaming her for comming there,  
 Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,

Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbare:

xiii

But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand  
 To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;  
 And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,  
 Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.  
 Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,  
 And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,  
 All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,

And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

x i That] Tho Hughes, Upton

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew xiv  
 Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;  
 And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew  
 Of happy wights, now vnpurvaide of light,  
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;  
 Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,  
 And brought againe on them eternall night:  
 But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,  
 Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.  
 All ran together with a great out-cry, xv  
 To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;  
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,  
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might,  
 To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.  
 The father of the Gods when this he heard,  
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
 Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,  
 Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd.  
 Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent xvi  
 Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
 And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;  
 And if that any were on earth belowe  
 That did with charmes or Magick her molest,  
 Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:  
 But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest  
 The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.  
 The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat, xvii  
 That soone he came where-as the *Titanesse*  
 Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:  
 At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,  
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.  
 Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
 At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)  
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
 Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid :  
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sternely lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower  
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,  
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthias* siluer bower ;  
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,  
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe ; but all their kingdoms sought.

The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,  
But past away, his doings to relate  
Vnto his Lord ; who now in th'highest sky,  
Was placed in his principall Estate,  
With all the Gods about him congregat :  
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,  
It did them all exceedingly amate,  
Sauc *Ioue* ; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,  
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold ;

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers ;  
Ye may remember since th'Earths cursed seed  
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,  
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed :  
But how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroied quite ;  
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed  
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite  
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despite.

Of that had seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire *Phaëbe* from her siluer bed,  
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,  
If that her might were match to her desire :  
Wherefore, it now behoues vs to advise  
What way is best to driue her to retire ;  
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,  
Arceid ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuise.

So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow  
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded becke  
 Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,  
 And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)  
 Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:  
 Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise.  
 Meane-while, th'Earths daughter, thogh she nought did reck  
 Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now advise,  
 What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

xxii

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the Gods  
 (After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)  
 Were troubled, and amongst themselues at ods,  
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,  
 To set vpon them in that extasie;  
 And take what fortune time and place would lend:  
 So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky  
 To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
 To prosecute her plot: Good on-set boads good end.

xxiii

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;  
 Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,  
 All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.  
 At sight of her they suddaine all arose,  
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.  
 But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;  
 And in his soueraine throne, gan straight dispose  
 Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,  
 That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrific.

xxiv

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,  
 All were she fraught with pride and impudence,  
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;  
 And inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense,  
 And voyd of speech in that drad audience;  
 Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:  
 Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,  
 Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?  
 What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

xxv

xxii 9 hot] her *Hughes*      xxv 9 thou om. *Hughes*

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,  
 Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund :  
 I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
 Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide  
 Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:  
 But by the fathers (be it not envide)  
 I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)  
 Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.  
 For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must) xxvii  
 Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;  
 Both, sonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniust  
 And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* slight,  
 The younger thrust the elder from his right:  
 Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held  
 The Heauens rule from *Titans* sonnes by night;  
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:  
 Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.  
 Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good care xxviii  
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
 Beeing of stature tall as any there  
 Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,  
 As any of the Goddesses in place,  
 Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres;  
 Mongst whom, some beast of strange and forraine race,  
 Vnwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:  
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.  
 Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake; xxix  
 Will neuer mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire,  
 In this bold sort, to Heauen claime to make,  
 And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?  
 I would haue thought, that bold *Procrustes* hire,  
 Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,  
 Or great *Promethens*, tasting of our ire,  
 Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to restraine;  
 And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

But now, this off-scum of that cursed fry,  
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,  
 And challenge th'heritage of this our skie;  
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise  
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
 And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke  
 His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes  
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,  
 And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

xxx

But, when he looked on her lovely face,  
 In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,  
 That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace  
 (Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)  
 He staide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,  
 He thus againe in milder wise began;  
 But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,  
 Then shortly should the progeny of Man  
 Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should doe still what he can:

xxxix

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,  
 Through some vaine errour or inducement light,  
 To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene;  
 Or through ensample of thy sisters might,  
*Bellona*; whose great glory thou doost spight,  
 Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,  
 Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)  
 To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to bestowe:  
 And sure thy worth, no lesse then hers doth seem to shoue.

xxxix

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,  
 That not the worth of any living wight  
 May challenge ought in Heauens interesse;  
 Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:  
 For, we by Conquest of our soueraine might,  
 And by eternall doome of Fates decree,  
 Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;  
 Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee  
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

xxxix

Then ceasse thy idle claime thou foolish gerle,  
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
 That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;  
 There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine  
 Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraigne.  
 So, hauing said, she thus to him replide;  
 Ceasse *Saturnes* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
 Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy side,  
 For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

xxxlv

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme  
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;  
 That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:  
 But to the highest him, that is behight  
 Father of Gods and men by equall might;  
 To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.  
 There-at *Ioue* waxed wroth, and in his spright  
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;  
 And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

xxxv

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,  
 Where all, both heauenly Powers, and earthly wights,  
 Before great Natures presence should appeare,  
 For triall of their Titles and best Rights:  
 That was, to weet, vpon the highest hights  
 Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill*?)  
 That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
 Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill  
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

xxxvi

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,  
 To sing of hilles and woods, mongst warres and Knights,  
 I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,  
 Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;  
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* spight  
 (Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill  
 That was in all this holy-Islands hights)  
 Was made the most vnpleasant, and most ill.  
 Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

xxxvii

Whylome, when *IRELAND* florished in fame  
 Of wealths and goodnesse, far about the rest  
 Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,  
 The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
 Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:  
 But none of all there-in more pleasure found,  
 Then *Cynthia*; that is soueraine Queene profest  
 Of woods and Forrests, which therein abound,  
 Sprinkled with wholsom waters, more then most on ground.  
 But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,  
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,  
 Or for to shroude in shade from *Phabus* flame,  
 Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,  
 Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,  
 She chose this *Arlo*; where shee did resort  
 With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,  
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:  
 For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play and sport.  
 Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight  
*Molanna*; daughter of old father *Mole*,  
 And sister vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:  
 Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,  
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,  
 And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.  
 But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,  
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:  
 Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.  
 For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,  
 On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,  
 That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks  
 Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes  
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:  
 So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,  
 Through many woods, and shady coverts flowes  
 (That on each side her siluer channell crowne)  
 Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleys shee doth croune.  
 xxxviii 2 wealth *Hughes &c.*

xxxviii

xxxix

xi

xli

- In her sweet streamcs, *Diana* vsed oft  
 (After her sweatie chace and toilesome play)  
 To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft  
 And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay  
 In couert shade, where none behold her may:  
 For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.  
 Foolish God *Pannus*, though full many a day  
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
 To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity. xlii
- No way he found to compasse his desire,  
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,  
 Her to discover for some secret hire:  
 So, her with flattering words he first assaid;  
 And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,  
 Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
 With which he her allured and betraid,  
 To tell what time he might her Lady see  
 When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee. xliii
- There-to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure  
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better;  
 To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure  
 Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did set her,  
 That he would vndertake, for this to get her  
 To be his Loue, and of him liked well:  
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter  
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell;  
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell. xliiv
- The simple maid did yield to him anone;  
 And eft him placed where he close might view  
 That neuer any saw, saue onely one;  
 Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,  
 Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.  
 Tho, as her nanner was on sunny day,  
*Diana*, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
 To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,  
 She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray. xlv

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,  
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,  
 That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,  
 He could him not containe in silent rest;  
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest  
 His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,  
 That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,  
 But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed.  
 Babblers vnworthy been of so diuine a meed.

xlvi

The Goddesses, all abashed with that noise,  
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;  
 And running straight where-as she heard his voice,  
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
 Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke  
 On her whose sight before so much he sought.  
 Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke  
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;  
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

xlvii

Like as an huswife, that with busie care  
 Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,  
 Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware  
 That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine  
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;  
 Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,  
 Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,  
 Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,  
 And thousand deathes deuise in her vengefull mind:

xlviii

So did *Diana* and her maydens all  
 Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:  
 They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;  
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,  
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:  
 Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;  
 For, nought against their wils might countervail:  
 Ne ought he said what euer he did heare;  
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

xlix

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,  
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.  
 Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill  
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:  
 Others would through the riuer him haue driue,  
 And ducked deepe: but that seem'd penaunce light;  
 But most agreed and did this sentence giue,  
 Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that plight,  
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee might.

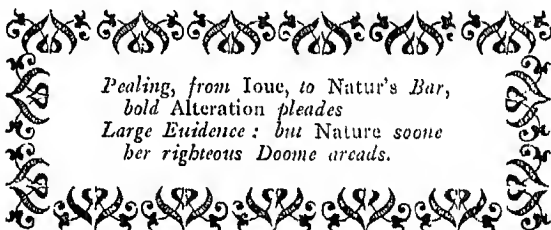
But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest,  
 Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,  
 And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;  
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
 Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?  
 He, much affeard, to her confessed short;  
 That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewraid.  
 Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)  
 With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chast  
 With all their hounds that after him did speed;  
 But he more speedily, from them fled more fast  
 Then any Deere: so sore him dread aghast.  
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
 Shouting as they the heauens would haue brast:  
 That all the woods and dales where he did flie,  
 Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;  
 When, back returning to *Molunn'* againe,  
 They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there  
 Herwhelm'd with stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)  
 Of her beloued *Panchin* did obtaine,  
 That her he would receiue vnto his bed.  
 So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
 Till with the *Panchin* she her selfe doe wed,  
 And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuer spred.

Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,  
 Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;  
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,  
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:  
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
 All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,  
 And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke  
 The richest champian that may else be rid,  
 And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.  
 Them all, and all that she so deare did way,  
 Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,  
 There-on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,  
 To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,  
 Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,  
 And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast around.  
 Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,  
 Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:  
 Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found.

## Canto VII.



**A**H! whither doost thou now thou greater Muse  
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?  
 And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse  
 This too high flight, vnfit for her weake wing)  
 Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King  
 (Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,  
 And victory, in bigger noates to sing,  
 Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,  
 That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse.

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest, ii  
 Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
 Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest  
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire,  
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire  
 Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,  
 That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,  
 Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;  
 So farre past memory of man that may be knowne.

Now, at the time that was before agreed, iii  
 The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;  
 As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,  
 As those that all the other world doe fill,  
 And rule both sea and land vnto their will:  
 Onely th'infernall Powers might not appeare;  
 Aswell for horror of their count'naunce ill,  
 As for th'vnruly fiends which they did feare;  
 Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures, iv  
 What-euer life or motion doe retaine,  
 According to their sundry kinds of features;  
 That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe;  
 So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:  
 And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)  
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
 And raunged farre abroad in euery border,  
 They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*, v  
 With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;  
 Being far greater and more tall of stature  
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:  
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
 Whether she man or woman inly were,  
 That could not any creature well descry:  
 For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,  
 Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

That some doe say was so by skill deuized,  
 To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,  
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;  
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
 That eye of wight could not indure to view:  
 But others tell that it so beautilous was,  
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
 Ne could be scene, but like an image in a glass.

vi

That well may seemen true: for, well I weene  
 That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,  
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,  
 That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what  
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that,  
 As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,  
 Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgot,  
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise  
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

vii

In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,  
 She placed was in a pavilion;  
 Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill  
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion:  
 But th'earth her self of her owne motion,  
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
 Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,  
 Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe,  
 For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shew.

viii

So hard it is for any liuing wight,  
 All her array and vestiments to tell,  
 That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright  
 The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
 In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,  
 But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought  
 Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well:  
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
 Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

ix

vii 8 they] they 1609    viii 3 as] ar 1609    9 showe 1611  
 ix 1 hard] heard 1609: corr. 1611    7 kindes] kinde Morris after Upton

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete x  
 Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew  
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;  
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,  
 That might delight the smell, or please the view:  
 The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby  
 Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;  
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more, xi  
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,  
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore  
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,  
 He with an Oaken girland now did tire,  
 As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,  
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
 And made him change his gray attire to greenie;  
 Ah gentle *Mole*! such ioyance hath thee well bescene.

Was neuer so great ioyance since the day, xii  
 That all the gods whylome assembled were,  
 On *Hemus* hill in their diuine array,  
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,  
 Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;  
 Where *Phabus* self, that god of Poets hight,  
 They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,  
 That all the gods were raiisht with delight  
 Of his celestially song, and Musicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred xiii  
 Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,  
 Still moouing, yet vnmoued from her sted;  
 Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;  
 Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,  
 Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;  
 And being lowe before her presence feld,  
 With meek obaysance and humilitie,  
 Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

x + mores] more *Hughes &c.*      7 which om. *Hughes &c.*  
 xii & neuer 1609      5 *Peleus* 1609: corr. 1611

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great, xiv  
 An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly  
 Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;  
 Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,  
 Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,  
 Which any of thy creatures doe to other  
 (Oppressing them with power, vnequally)  
 Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,  
 And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine, xv  
 And of his fellow gods that faine to be,  
 That challenge to themselues the whole worlds raign;  
 Of which, the greatest part is due to me,  
 And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:  
 For, heauen and earth I both alike do deceme,  
 Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;  
 And, gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:  
 For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

Then weigh, O soueraigne goddesse, by what right xvi  
 These gods do claime the worlds whole souerainty;  
 And that is onely dew vnto thy might  
 Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:  
 As for the gods owne principality,  
 Which *Ioue* vsurpes vniustly; that to be  
 My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,  
 From my great Grandsire *Titan*, vnto mee,  
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knowen to thee.

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside, xvii  
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;  
 As, if ye please it into parts diuide,  
 And euery parts inholders to conuent,  
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.  
 And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)  
 That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,  
 And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;  
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

xiv 9 to'each 1609: corr. 1611      xv 8 esteeme 1609

xvi 3 thy] my 1611

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,

xviii

How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,

Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,

To turne again vnto their earthly slime:

Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,

We daily see new creatures to arize;

And of their Winter spring another Prime,

Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:

So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,

xix

The beasts we daily see massacred dy,

As thralls and vassalls vnto mens beheasts:

And men themselues doe change continually,

From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,

From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly:

But ecke their minds (which they immortall call)

Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

Ne is the water in more constant case;

xx

Whether those same on high, or these belowe.

For, th'Ocean moueth stil, from place to place;

And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:

Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,

Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,

When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;

With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;

Now like great Hills; and, streight, like sluces, them vnfold.

So likewise are all watry liuing wights

xxi

Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,

Neuer abyding in their stedfast plights.

The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,

And neuer rest; but euermore exchange

Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:

Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,

Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;

But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense xxli  
 (For, of all sense it is the middle meane)  
 To flit still? and, with subtile influence  
 Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,  
 In state of life? O weake life! that does leane  
 On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre;  
 Which euery howre is chang'd, and altdred cleane  
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:  
 The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.  
 Therein the changes infinite beholde, xxlii  
 Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;  
 Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold:  
 Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:  
 Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,  
 That makes them all to shiuer and to shake:  
 Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,  
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)  
 With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.  
 Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer, xxliii  
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,  
 Wee see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,  
 To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;  
 So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.  
 Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:  
 But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;  
 And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;  
 Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.  
 Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee xxv  
 Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)  
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:  
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)  
 Into themselves, and lose their natieue mights;  
 The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water sheere,  
 And Water into Earth: yet Water fights  
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:  
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;

xxvi

How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,  
Of them doe claime the rule and souerainty:

As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;

*Vulcan*, of this, with vs so vsuall;

*Ops*, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;

*Neptune*, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.

For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:

And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,

xxvii

Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold:

As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:

Of all the which, demand in generall,

Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,

Whether to me they are not subiect all.

*Nature* did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,

Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;

xxviii

First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres

That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare

(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres

That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):

And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,

And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)

A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;

That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight

xxix

In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,

That was vnlyned all, to be more light:

And on his head a girlond well beseene

He wore, from which as he had chauffed been

The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore

A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene

Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,

And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,  
 As though he ioyed in his plentious store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.  
 Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold  
 With eares of corne, of euery sort he bore:  
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

xxx

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
 Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese;  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill.  
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:  
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
 That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

xxxI

These, marching softly, thus in order went,  
 And after them, the Monthes all riding came;  
 First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,  
 And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,  
 The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam:  
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,  
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
 And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

xxxII

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,  
 And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:  
 Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
*Europa* floting through th'*Argolick* fluds:  
 His hornes were gilden all with golden studs  
 And garnished with garlonds goodly dight  
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
 Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight  
 With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

xxxIII

- Then came faire *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground, xxxlv  
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,  
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:  
 Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side  
 Supported her like to their soueraine Queene.  
 Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,  
 And leapt and daunc't as they had rauisht beene!  
 And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttrede all in greene.
- And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd xxxv  
 All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;  
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,  
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:  
 Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
 With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pase,  
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare  
 Bending their force contrary to their face,  
 Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.
- Then came hot *Iuly* boyling like to fire, xxxvi  
 That all his garments he had cast away:  
 Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
 He boldly rode and made him to obey:  
 It was the beast that whylome did forray  
 The Nemeæan Forrest, till th'*Amphytrionide*  
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array;  
 Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side  
 Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.
- The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd xxxvii  
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:  
 Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd  
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround  
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;  
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;  
 But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,  
 She left th'vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;  
 Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle  
 Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,  
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:  
 In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,  
 He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand  
 A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle  
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
 And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

xxxviii

Then came *October* full of merry glee:  
 For, yet his noule was totty of the must,  
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,  
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust:  
 Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
 The same which by *Dianaes* doom vniust  
 Slew great *Orion*: and eeke by his side  
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

xxxix

Next was *November*, he full grosse and fat,  
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;  
 For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,  
 That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,  
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem;  
 In planting eeke he took no small delight:  
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;  
 For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,  
 The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

xl

And after him, came next the chill *December*:  
 Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
 His Sauours birth his mind so much did glad:  
 Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
 The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,  
 They say, was nourisht by th'*Idæan* mayd;  
 And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;  
 Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

xli

xl i full bis 1609

xli 7 *Iæan* 1609, 1611: corr. Upton

Then came old *January*, wrapped well

xiii

In many weeds to keep the cold away;  
 Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,  
 And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:  
 For, they were numbd with holding all the day  
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:  
 Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood;  
 From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Romane flood.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting

xiii

In an old wagon, for he could not ride;  
 Drawne of two fishes for the season sitting,  
 Which through the flood before did softly slyde  
 And swim away: yet had he by his side  
 His plough and harnesses fit to till the ground,  
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:  
 So past the twelue Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,

xlii

Riding together both with equall pase,  
 Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;  
 But *Night* had couered her vncomely face  
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,  
 On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,  
 And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:  
 But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,  
 The goodly Sun, encompass all with beames bright.

Then came the *Howers*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,

xlii

And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed  
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;  
 But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed,  
 That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed  
 By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make  
 Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)  
 Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake  
 By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*; xlvi  
*Death* with most grim and griesly visage seene,  
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;  
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
 Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnseene.  
 But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,  
 Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,  
 Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,  
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*; xlvii  
 Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,  
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
*CHANGE* doth not raign and beare the greatest sway:  
 For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?  
 But *Times* do change and moue continually.  
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay:  
 Wherefore, this lower world who can deny  
 But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie*?

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these xlviii  
 And all things else that vnder heauen dwell  
 Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise  
 Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)  
 That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell  
 To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee  
 Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,  
 That moues them all, and makes them changed be?  
 So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things xlix  
 Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,  
 Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,  
 And say they by your secret powre are made:  
 But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?  
 But were they so, as ye them faine to be,  
 Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;  
 Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee  
 Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

And first, concerning her that is the first, 1  
 Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make  
*Ioues* dearest darling, she was bred and nurst  
 On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:  
 Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;  
 Besides, her face and countenance euery day  
 We changed see, and sundry forms partake,  
 Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray:  
 So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vse to say.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare 11  
 To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;  
 Yet, he his course doth altar euery yeare,  
 And is of late far out of order gone:  
 So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,  
 Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;  
 And *Phæbus* self, who lightsome is alone,  
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
 And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most: 111  
 For, he some times so far runs out of square,  
 That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,  
 And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare;  
 That euen these Star-gazers stonisht are  
 At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:  
 So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare  
 His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:  
 So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

But you *Dan Ioue*, that only constant are, 1111  
 And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,  
 Are you not subiect eeke to this misfare?  
 Then let me aske you this withouten blame,  
 Where were ye borne? some say in *Crete* by name,  
 Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;  
 But wheresoeuer they comment the same,  
 They all consent that ye begotten were,  
 And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me, lii  
 Vnlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make  
 Immortall, and vnchangeable to bee ;  
 Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,  
 That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
 And your owne natures change: for, each of you  
 That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,  
 Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,  
 By others opposition or obliquid view.

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares, lii  
 So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,  
 Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;  
 What is the same but alteration plaine?  
 Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:  
 Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still moue,  
 And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards saine.  
 But all that moueth, doth mutation loue :  
 Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.

Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse* lii  
 Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,  
 But all things tost and turned by transuerse :  
 What then should let, but I aloft should reare  
 My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare?  
 Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddessse trew!)  
 According as thy selfe doest see and heare,  
 And vnto me addoom that is my dew ;  
 That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

So hauing ended, silence long ensewed, lii  
 Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,  
 But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.  
 Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,  
 Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,  
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,  
 To whether side should fall the soueraigne place :  
 At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,  
 The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

I well consider all that ye haue sayd,  
 And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate  
 And changed be: yet being rightly wayd  
 They are not changed from their first estate;  
 But by their change their being doe dilate:  
 And turning to themselues at length againe,  
 Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:  
 Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;  
 But they raigne ouer change, and doe their states maintaine.  
 Cease therefore daughter further to aspire, lx  
 And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:  
 For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;  
 But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
 And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see.  
 So was the *Titaness* put downe and whist,  
 And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.  
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,  
 And *Natur's* selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

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*The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.*

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare, l  
 Of *Mutability*, and well it way:  
 Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were  
 Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,  
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway.  
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,  
 And loue of things so vaine to cast away;  
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so sickle,  
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,  
 Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,  
 But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd  
 Vpon the pillours of Eternity,  
 That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*:  
 For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:  
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally  
 With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:  
 O that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths sight.  
 ii 8 Sabaoth 1611 9 Sabaoth God 1611 Sabbath's sight conj. Church

FINIS.

## A

## Letter of the Authors expounding his

*whole intention in the course of this worke: which  
for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for  
the better vnderstanding is hereunto  
annexed.*

*To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh knight,  
Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and her Maiesties liefe-  
tenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.*

**S***Ir knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this  
booke of mine, which I haue entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued  
Allegory, or cherke conceit, I haue thought good aswell for auoyding of  
gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in read-  
ing thereof, (being so by you commended,) to discouer vnto you the general intention  
and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing  
of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end there-  
fore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle  
discipline: Which for that I conieured should be most plausible and pleasing, being  
coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read,  
rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of  
king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by  
many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of eay, and  
suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall,  
first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Plysses hath ensampled a  
good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis:  
then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him  
Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso disseuered them  
again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in  
Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his Rinaldo:  
The other named Politike in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets,  
I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave  
knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised,  
the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I smile to be well  
accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politticke vertues  
in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will  
seeme displeasunt, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way  
of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Al-  
legoricall deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the vse of these  
dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is*

A. Letter, &c.] Om. 1596 Bodl.

l. 16 by accidents 1590

not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his indgement, formed a Commune welth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrns and the Persians fashioned a gouernement such as might best be: So much more profitable and grations is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I labourred to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceine after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought vp, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty raiuised, he awaking resolved to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceine the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthin being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes containe three, The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes, vpon which xii. seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii. seuerall adventures hapned, which being vndertaken by xii. seuerall knights, are in these xii. bookes seuerally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who foling before the Queen of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaste should happen, that being granted, he rested him on the floore, vsfite through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfs hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many

years shut vp in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that explayt. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much ganesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that wilesse that armour which she brought, would serue him (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Epbes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put vpon him with deuere furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And este-soones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the first booke, vx.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therefore craned of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that aduenture, which being assigned to Sir Gnyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and resketored his loue.

But by occasion hereof, many other aduentures are intermeddled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly craning the continuance of your honorable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuary. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate.  
Ed. Spenser.

¶ A Vision vpon this concept of the  
*Faery Queene.*

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Laura* lay,  
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,  
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:  
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarke* wept,  
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.  
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed  
Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:  
Hercat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse.  
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieft,  
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

THE prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.  
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein:  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.  
If thou hast beautie prayd, let her sole lookes diuine  
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eie.  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,  
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.  
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore  
Abooue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:  
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.  
W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

*Collyn I see by thy new taken taske,  
some sacred fury bath enricht thy braynes,  
That leades thy muse in haughtie verse to maske,  
and loath the layes that longs to lowly sawaynes.  
That lifts thy notes from Shepbeardes unto kings,  
So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.*

*Thy lonely Rosohnde seemes now forlorne,  
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,  
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorue,  
those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight.  
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,  
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.*

*Yet as thou eurst with thy saccete roundchayes,  
didst stirre to glee our luddes in homely bowers:  
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,  
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.  
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill  
Above and grace our Collyns flowing quill.*

*And fare befall that Faerie Queene of thine,  
in whose faire eyes lone hicket with vertue sits:  
Enfusing by those beavities fiers deuynne,  
such high conceites into thy humble wits,  
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,  
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.*

*So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand  
victorious he in that faire hands right:  
Which thou doest vaile in Type of Faery land  
Elyzas blessed field, that Albion bigbt.  
That shiekles her friends, and warres her mightie foes,  
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.*

*But Golly Shepheard) though with pleasing style,  
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:  
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,  
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.  
Subiect thy dome to her Enpyring spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.  
Hobynoll.*

FAYRE *Thamis* streamc, that from *Ludds* stately towne,  
 Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,  
 Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
 Be silent, whyle this Bryttane *Orpheus* playes:  
 Nere thy sweet bankes, there liues that sacred crowne,  
 Whose hand strowes Palme and neuer-dying buyes,  
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne  
 Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.  
 For he hath taught hie drifts in shepherdes weedes,  
 And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.  
 R. S.

GRaue *Muses* march in triumph and with prayes,  
 Our Goddess here hath giuen you leaue to land:  
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces  
 Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.  
 Desertes findes dew in that most princely doome,  
 In whose sweete breast are all the *Muses* bredde:  
 So did that great Augustus erst in Roome  
 With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.  
 Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,  
 Euen of the fairest that the world hath scene.  
 H. B.

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape  
 And what reuenge the States of Greece deuise:  
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,  
 In womans weedes him selfe he then disguise:  
 But this deuise *Vlysses* soone did spy,  
 And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When *Spencer* saw the fame was spreadd so large,  
 Through Faery land of their renowned Queene:  
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
 As in such haughty matter to be scene,  
 To scene a shepheard then he made his choice,  
 But *Sydney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

Fayre *Thamis*, &c.] This poem and those that follow are omitted in  
 1596 *Bodl.*

And as *Vlysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne  
 From his retyred life to menage armes:  
 So *Spencer* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,  
 To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes:  
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred  
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,  
 Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* Peeres:  
 So *Spencer* now to his immortall prayse,  
 Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.  
 What though his taske exceed a humane witt,  
 He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fitt.

W. I.

*T*O looke vpon a worke of rare deuise  
 The which a workman setteth out to view,  
 And not to yield it the deserved prise,  
 That vnto such a workmanship is deu,  
 Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught  
 Or els doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,  
 Which no man goes about to discommend,  
 Would raise a ielous doubt that there did lurke.  
 Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend.  
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,  
 'Tis needlesse for the boast to haue a sygne.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such  
 As can discerne of colours blacke, and white,  
 As alls to free my minde from ennies tuch,  
 That neuer giues to any man his right,  
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such,  
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,  
 Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:  
 But such hath bene the custome heretofore,  
 And customes very hardly broken are.

And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,  
 Then looke you giue your boast his utmost deu.

Ignoto.

l. 17 deu. 1590

l. 30 this 1590

*To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,  
Lord high Chauncelor of England. &c.*

THose prudent heads, that with their counsels wise  
 Whylom the Pillours of th'earth did sustaine,  
 And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,  
 And in the neck of all the world to rayne,  
 Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,  
 With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:  
 So *Ennius* the elder *Africane*,  
 So *Maro* oft did *Cæsars* cares allay.  
 So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
 The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,  
 With like delightes sometimes may eke delay,  
 The rugged brow of carefull Policy:  
 And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,  
 Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

*To the right honourable the Lo. Burleigh Lo. high  
Treasurer of England.*

TO you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest  
 To menage of most graue affaires is bent,  
 And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest  
 The burdein of this kingdomes gouernement,  
 As the wide compasse of the firmament,  
 On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is vpstayd;  
 Vnfitly I these ydle rimes present,  
 The labor of lost time, and wit vnstayd:  
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,  
 And the dim vele, with which from comune vew  
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd.  
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.  
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,  
 And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

l. 12 The] he 1590

*To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,  
Lord high Chamberlayne of England. &c.*

**R**Eceiue most Noble Lord in gentle gree,  
The vnrripe fruit of an vnready wit:  
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee  
Defended from foule Enuies poisonous bit.  
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry  
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,  
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,  
Succeeding them in true nobility:  
And also for the loue, which thou doest beare  
To th'*Heliconian* ymps, and they to thee,  
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:  
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue  
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

*To the right honourable the Earle of  
Northumberland.*

**T**He sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame  
To be the Nourses of nobility,  
And Registres of everlasting fame,  
To all that armes professe and cheuahy.  
Then by like right the noble Progeny,  
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde  
To embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,  
By whose endeouours they are glorifide,  
And eke from all, of whom it is emide,  
To patronize the authour of their praise,  
Which giues them life, that els would soone haue dike,  
And crownes their ashes with immortall haies.  
To thee therefore right noble Lord I send  
This present of my paines, it to defend.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.*

**R**Edoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind  
 The flowre of cheualry now bloosming faire,  
 Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,  
 Which of their praises haue left you the haire;  
 To you this humble present I prepare,  
 For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise,  
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
 As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,  
 Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,  
 In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,  
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,  
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
 Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,  
 For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the most honourable and excellent Lo. the Earle  
 of Essex. Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse,  
 and knight of the Noble order of the Garter. &c.*

**M**agnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent  
 Doe merit a most famous Poets witt,  
 To be thy liuing praises instrument,  
 Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writt  
 In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt.  
 Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby,  
 But when my Muse, whose fetters nothing slitt  
 Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly  
 With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty  
 To the last praises of this Faery Queene,  
 Then shall it make more famous memory  
 Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:  
 Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,  
 To these first labours needed furtherance.

l. 33 furtherance, 1590

To the right Honourable the Earle of  
*Ormond and Ossory.*

REceiue most noble Lord a simple taste  
Of the wilde fruit, which saluage soyl hath bred,  
Which being through long wars left almost waste,  
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspredd:  
And in so faire a land, as may be redd,  
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicone*  
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,  
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansione;  
There in deede dwel faire Graces many one.  
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,  
And in thy person without Paragone  
All goodly hountie and true honour sits,  
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,  
Receiue dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo. high Admi-  
ral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter,  
and one of her Maiesties priue Counsel. &c.

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,  
And noble deeds each other garnishing,  
Make you ensample to the present age,  
Of th'old Heroes, whose famous offspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,  
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,  
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,  
Like flying doves ye did before you chase;  
And that proud people reuosen insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface:  
Thy praises everlasting monument  
Is in this verse engrauen scublably,  
That it may liue to all posterity.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high  
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.*

**R**Enowmed Lord, that for your worthinesse  
And noble deeds haue your deserved place,  
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,  
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace,  
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,  
Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,  
And for your owne high merit in like eace,  
Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,  
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene  
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,  
And their disloiall powre defaced elene,  
The record of enduring memory.  
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,  
That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the  
Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order  
of the Garter, &c.*

**M**Ost Noble Lord the pillor of my life,  
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,  
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,  
In the first season of my feeble age,  
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:  
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce  
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,  
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,  
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue,  
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:  
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weaue  
In sauadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,  
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Looime:  
The which vouchsafe dear Lord your fauorable doome.

l. 5 Emperesse. 1590

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one  
of her Maiesties priuie Counsell.*

IN vain I thinke right honourable Lord,  
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;  
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,  
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:  
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)  
Thy gracious Souerains praises to compile.  
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,  
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.  
But sith thou maist not so, gine leaue a while  
To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,  
And vnaduised oversights amend.  
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

*To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham knight,  
principall Secretary to her Maicesty, and of her  
honourable priuy Counsell.*

THat Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,  
Whose girland now is set in highest place,  
Had not *Mecenas* for his worthy merit,  
It first aduunst to great *Augustus* grace,  
Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,  
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.  
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,  
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage;  
That are the great *Mecenas* of this age,  
As wel to al that ciuil artes professe  
As those that are inspir'd with Martial rage,  
And craues protection of her feeblenesse:  
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse  
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing prayse.  
E. S.

1. 8 Souerain 1590

κ κ

*To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine,  
Sir Iohn Norris knight, Lord president of Mounster.*

W<sup>H</sup>O euer gaue more honourable prize  
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;  
That their braue deeds she might immortalize  
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?  
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you  
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
And Precedent of all that armes ensue?  
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,  
Tempredd with reason and aduizement sage  
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,  
In *Fraunce* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,  
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.  
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,  
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.  
E. S.

*To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh,  
Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt  
of Cornewaile.*

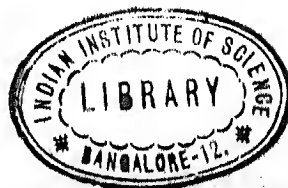
T<sup>O</sup> thee that art the sommers Nigbtingle,  
Thy soueraine Goddesses most deare delight,  
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,  
That may thy tunefull eare vnseason quite?  
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bovre,  
And dainty loue learnd sweetly to endite.  
My rimes I know vsauory and sowre,  
To tast the streames, that like a golden showre  
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loues praise,  
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martiall stowre,  
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:  
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire *Cynthia* praises bee thus rudely showane.  
E. S.

*To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady, the  
Countesse of Penbroke.*

REmembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,  
The heuens pride, the glory of our daies,  
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit  
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,  
Of heuenlie blis and euerlasting praies ;  
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,  
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies ;  
Bids me most noble Lady to adore  
His goodly image lining euermore,  
In the diuine resemblaunce of your face ;  
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
And natue beauty deck with heuenlie grace :  
For his, and for your owne especial sake,  
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.  
E. S.

*To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady,  
the Lady Carew.*

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,  
You fairest Lady leave out of this place,  
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,  
Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace,  
And deck the world, adorne these verses base :  
Not that these few lines can in them comprise  
Those glorious ornaments of heuenly grace,  
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,  
And in subdued harts do tyrannyse :  
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,  
And siluer leaues, them rightly to deuise,  
But to make humble present of good will :  
Which whenas timely meanes it purchase may,  
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.  
E. S.



To all the grātious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

*The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde  
 To pourtraict Venus in her perfect beaw,  
 To make his worke more absolute, desirde  
 Of all the fairest Maides to haue the view.  
 Much more me needs to draw the semblant treaw,  
 Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,  
 To sharpe my sence with sundry' beauties view,  
 And steale from each some part of ornament.  
 If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,  
 A fairer crew yet no where could I see,  
 Then that braue court doth to mine eie present,  
 That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.  
 Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte:  
 Forgiue it me faire Dames, sith lesse ye haue not lefte.  
 E. S.*

FINIS.

## CRITICAL APPENDIX.

DEDICATION. In 1590 the Dedication runs simply:—'To the most mightie and magnificent empress Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c. Her most humble Seruant: *Ed. Spenser.*' The words 'and of Virginia' and 'to liue with the eternitie of her fame', added in 1596, give evidence of the growing importance of the colony and of the increased self-confidence of the poet.

I. i. Arg. 3. *entrappe*] *entrape* 1596. In the matter of double letters I attach little weight to the evidence of either quarto. I cannot believe (*e.g.*) that a scholar like Spenser could have written 'oportunitie' (I. ii. 4 l. 7); so with 'entrape' here, and 'mishapen' at I. vi. 8 l. 7.

I. i. 2 l. 1. But] And 1590. The reading of 1596 brings out finely the contrast between the 'jolly' appearance of the Knight and his dedicated purpose.

I. i. 5 l. 1. So pure an innocent] and innocent 1590: an Innocent 1609. 1596 makes 'innocent' substantive: and so 1609 took it, as the capital shows.

I. i. 9 l. 6. sweete bleeding] sweet, bleeding 1609. But Morris is probably right in regarding 'sweete' as an adverb to 'bleeding'.

I. i. 15 l. 6. poisonous] poisonous 1590. 1596 is less shy of trisyllabic feet than 1590, and both than *F. E.*; and the second part of *F. Q.* than the first. Other trisyllabic feet left full in 1596 but elided or contracted in 1590 will be found at I. iv. 37 l. 6; II. ix. 17 l. 4; II. x. 34 l. 1; III. viii. 46 l. 9; cf. also III. ix. 48 l. 6. (*Per contra* III. viii. 49 l. 1; III. xi. 28 l. 8.) Elisions are proposed by *F. E.* but ignored by 1596 at I. xii. 32 l. 5, II. vii. 54 l. 8.

1609 elides vowels left open in the quartos, *e.g.* at II. ix. 52 l. 9; III. v. 50 l. 8; III. vii. 5 l. 1. Cf. also II. viii. 3 l. 8; II. xii. 27 l. 4, for its avoidance of trisyllabic feet.

I. i. 15 l. 7. shapes] Morris reports 'shape 1596': not so in Bodl. or B. M. copies. But 'shape,' in 1609.

I. i. 20 l. 4. vildly] vilely 1609. The omission of 'd' marks the seventeenth-century editor.

I. i. 21 l. 5. spring] ebbe 1590 &c.: *corr. F. E.* to auaile] t'uaile 1590: *corr. F. E.* A good example of the relation of 1596 to *F. E.* The first correction is ignored, the second accepted. But the second correction is obvious, being required by the metre; it must have been made independently. And this is generally the case when 1596 and *F. E.* agree. For the significance of this ignoring of *F. E.* see Introduction, p. xvii. Excluding ambiguous instances, I have noted forty-eight places in which 1596 thus ignores *F. E.*; fifty-four in which they agree. But of these fifty-four only six at most are

significant, the rest being obvious corrections. These are I. vi. 26 l. 5; I. vii. 37 l. 8; I. vii. 43 l. 5; I. vii. 47 l. 3; I. ix. Arg. 2; I. ix. 9 l. 5. Whatever be the explanation in these instances—and it will be noted that they all come close together—they do not invalidate the conclusion maintained in the Introduction, p. xvii, which is based on the negative instances.

I. i. 31 l. 6. you] thee 1590. The plural pronoun is more courteous than the singular. There is a similar change of 'thy' to 'your' in I. ii. 22 l. 5.

I. i. 48 l. 9. with om. 1596, 1609. One of the instances that show how little use 1609 made of 1590. See further on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

I. ii. 11 ll. 3 and 4. One of several instances in which the punctuation of 1609 brings out the true meaning or construction. See Introduction, p. xvii.

I. ii. 27 l. 9. so dainty] so, Dainty 1609. The editor of 1609 wishes to show that Spenser is quoting the proverb 'Quae rara, eara'. The quartos probably intend the same meaning.

I. ii. 29 l. 2. shade him] shade 1596: shadow 1609. On the significance of this for the relations of 1590 and 1609 see Introduction, p. xviii. Other instances in which 1609 ignores 1590, supplying by conjecture a word or syllable that has been omitted in 1596, are I. vi. 26 l. 9 as a tyrans law 1590, as tyrans law 1596, as proud tyrans law 1609; II. v. 8 l. 7 hurtle 1590, hurle 1596, hurlen 1609; II. vi. 29 l. 2 importune 1590, importance 1596, important 1609; II. x. 51 l. 7 Both in his armes, and crowne 1590, Both in armes, and crowne 1596, In armes, and eke in erowne 1609; II. xii. 52 l. 9 Or Eden selfe, if ought 1590, Of Eden, if ought 1596, Or Eden, if that ought 1609; III. iii. 44 l. 5 foure hundreth yeares shalbe supplide 1590, foure hundreth shalbe supplide 1596, foure hundreth shall be full supplide 1609; III. vii. 45 l. 1 the good Sir Satyrane gan wake 1590, good Sir Satyrane gan wake 1596, good Sir Satyrane gan awake 1609; III. ix. 13 l. 9 And so defide them each 1590, And defide them each 1596, And them defied each 1609; III. xi. 26 l. 7 and with imperious sway 1590, and imperious sway 1596, and his imperious sway 1609.

1609 ignores not only the text of 1590, but *F. E.*, in favour of conjecture, as at II. viii. 25 l. 1 Which those same foes, that stand hereby 1590, 1596, same *corr.* to his cruell *F. E.*, Which those same foes that doen awaite hereby 1609.

I. iii. 32 l. 9. Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went] told, 1609. The meaning wanted is, 'Who told all that befell her'; and so 1609 takes the line, as its punctuation shows. It is not impossible to get this meaning out of the line as it stands; but the order is excessively contorted, and I have suggested 'all that her fell'.

I. iii. 36 l. 7. morning] mourning 1590. The words are, of course, the same; and I now prefer 1590, for though Spenser uses 'morne' he would scarcely employ so ambiguous a spelling in the participle.

I. iii. 38 l. 7. the] that *F. E.* referring probably to this line. As the references in *F. E.* are to pages only, it is sometimes impossible to identify

them with certainty when they concern words like 'the' and 'that'. See again on II. xii. 1 l. 6.

I. iii. 41 l. 9. sword] sword 1609. It is 'sword' in all our copies of 1590, 1596.

I. iv. 16 l. 3. hurtlen] hurlen 1609. 1609 makes the same change at I. iv. 40 l. 1 and II. v. 8 l. 7, as if 'hurtle' were unfamiliar. Yet it has 'hurling' in I. viii. 17, IV. iv. 29; and 'hurtle' in II. vii. 42.

I. iv. 23 l. 5. seldome] seeldome 1590, sildom 1609. See Introduction, p. v.

I. iv. 23 l. 7. dry dropsie. Upton's conjecture, 'dire dropsie' ('dirus hydrops'), is worth noticing.

I. v. 7 l. 9. helmets hewen] hewen helmets 1590. This is one of those slight changes of order, made here for the sake of grammar, but more often for the sake of rhythm, which reveal the poet's own hand in 1596 more conclusively than more conspicuous alterations. Others are recorded at II. i. 18 l. 6; II. iii. 38 l. 4; II. v. 5 l. 9; II. vi. 3 l. 6; II. vi. 12 l. 9; III. ii. 8 l. 5; III. ii. 30 l. 5; III. iv. 59 l. 5; III. v. 40 l. 4; III. xi. 4 ll. 4 and 9; III. xi. 22 l. 8.

I. v. 10 l. 6. Doest] Doost 1609 *passim*. See Introduction, p. v.

I. v. 17 l. 5. can] gan 1590. 'Can' (in the sense of 'did') and 'gan' are easily confused, and difficult to pronounce between.

I. v. 23 l. 8. Nightes children] Nights drad children 1609. On the significance of this variant see Introduction, p. xviii. Other instances in which 1609 fails to recognize syllabic -es are I. x. 34 l. 8; III. vi. 6 l. 5; III. x. 46 l. 6.

I. v. 26 l. 6. am] ame 1590. This is the one eye-rhyme of 1590 that is generally avoided in 1596. Otherwise, so far as I have compared them in this respect, there is little or no difference; both are excessively addicted to eye-rhyme. The current heresy on this subject is expressed by Puttenham (1589):—'It is somewhat more tollerable to help the rime by false orthographie then to leaue an vnpleasant dissonance to the eare by keeping trewe orthographie and loosing the rime.' (*The Arte of English Poesie*, Bk. II. ch. ix.)

I. v. 38 l. 6. clifis] clifts 1590 &c.: *corr. F. E.* There is the same correction in I. ix. 34 l. 6. Together they suggest that Spenser meant at first to change 'clift' to 'cliff' throughout; but found that it would impair the rhyme, e.g. in I. viii. 22 l. 5.

I. v. 45 l. 4. On the 1609 'wonndez' see Introduction, p. xviii.

I. vi. 23 l. 8. nousled] nonsled 1590. This change is systematically made in 1596, which uses 'nousele' in a different sense = nuzzle; cf. IV. xi. 32 l. 8. There is the same difference between the first quarto of *S. C.* and later quartos.

I. vi. 26 l. 5. fierce and fell] swifte and cruell 1590: *corr. F. E.* In *Malone 615* these words are on a slip of paper, probably cut (says Mr. Bliss) from 1596 and pasted over the original copy.

I. vi. 37 l. 9. hath] had *Grosart*: not so in any of our copies.

I. vi. 47 l. 8. to] two 1596, 1609. Morris assigns 'two' to 1611; but it is in all our copies of 1596 and 1609.

I. vii. 37 l. 7. trample] amble 1590. One of those changes of words which reveal Spenser's hand clearly in 1596. A steed so spirited would not amble.

I. viii. 11 ll. 5-9. Closely imitated in 2 *Tamburlaine* iv. 3. Cf. Introduction, p. xi.

I. viii. 21 l. 5. their] his *Grosart*, adopting a suggestion by Church. But 'their' may mean '*Orgoglio's* and *Duessa's*'.

I. viii. 33 l. 5. sits] fits 1596, 1609. But 'sits' = *sied*, as in I. i. 30 l. 9.

I. viii. 44 l. 4. delight] dislike *conj. J. Jortin*. As 'delight' is repeated by parablepsy from l. 3, the form of the word is not much of a guide in emendation. Others suggest 'despight'.

I. ix. 32 l. 7. nor for gold nor glee] nor for gold nor fee *conj. Church*; cf. I. x. 43 l. 6. But the alliteration, if not the sense, favours 'glee'. Cf. VI. v. 39 l. 3; VI. vii. 49 l. 9.

I. ix. 42 l. 7. Morris reports 'hold' as in 1590: not so in any of our copies.

I. ix. 53 l. 1. feeble] seely 1596: silly 1609. I do not think that Spenser would have tolerated a combination like 'seely, fleshly'; and comparison with I. vii. 6 l. 5 and I. vii. 11 l. 8, where 'fraile' and 'feeble' occur together in lines which this line was meant to recall, convinces me that 'seely' (= *feclie*) is a misprint for 'feeble'.

I. x. 7 l. 8. simple true] simple, trew *Morris*. But see note on I. i. 9 l. 6.

I. x. 20 l. 5. See Introduction, p. xviii.

I. x. 27 l. 6. The correction in 1596 (v. footnote) was apparently made to avoid the ambiguity of 'salt water sore'.

I. x. 52 l. 1. since] sith 1609. See Introduction, p. vi.

I. x. 62 l. 9. As for loose loues are vaine] As for loose loues they are vaine 1590. The reading of 1596 eases the metre, and V. iii. 22 ll. 5 and 6 shows an exactly parallel construction. But the main reason for preferring 1596 is the proximity of 62 l. 4 and 62 l. 8, which are certainly author's corrections. See Introduction, p. xvii.

I. xi. 3. See Introduction, p. xvi.

I. xi. 26 l. 6. swinged] singed 1609. The quartos are right. The form 'swinge' is wide-spread in modern dialect. Webster quotes the noun 'swinge' (= a singe) from Beaumont and Fletcher.

I. xi. 37 l. 2. yclde] yelled 1609. Though I have hesitated to change the reading of the quartos, it is probably a misprint. Spenser elsewhere has 'yell'. The nearest parallel to 'yeld' is 'befeld' = *befallen*, IV. iii. 50 l. 3. The true reading may, after all, be 'yelped'.

I. xi. 41 l. 4. Nor 1609: For 1590, 1596. I am no longer sure that Spenser did not write 'For'. There is a very similar confusion in V. vi. 26 ll. 5 and 6.

I. xi. 51 ll. 7 and 8. The original punctuation makes l. 8 refer to the lark.

I. xii. 7 l. 3. sung] song 1590. Here 1596 forgoes the eye-rhyme to avoid ambiguity.

I. xii. 17 l. 1. that] the 1596, 1609. The change may be Spenser's, but cf. 21 l. 7 where 'the' of 1596 is probably wrong and occurs in the same line with a word in which 1596 is certainly wrong.

I. xii. 17 l. 4. note] no'te 1609, 1611. Morris reports 'no'te 1596': not so in Bodl. or B. M. copies.

I. xii. 28 l. 7. her] his 1596, 1609. The change may be Spenser's. Having personified truth as *Una*, he may have felt an objection to personifying it here. But the misprint is not uncommon: cf. 40 l. 9.

I. xii. 34 l. 3. unprouided] vnprouided *Todd* &c.: not so in any of the copies examined.

I. xii. 38 l. 3. frankincense] frankencense 1596, 1609. The spelling 'encens' was not yet quite extinct, and I now incline to think that the more archaic form was deliberately introduced in 1596. Cf. note on 'ypsdowne' at II. vii. 4 l. 8.

II. i. 1 l. 7. caytiues hands] caytiue 1609. 'Caytiue hands' has been conjectured, but perhaps needlessly.

II. i. 18 l. 6. did he] he did 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9. This transposition seems designed to get another alliteration in 'd'.

II. i. 34 l. 6. Grosart reports 'steady 1590': not so in our copies.

II. i. 58 l. 4. fry] fryze *sugg. Church*. As a contrast is wanted to 'melt' in l. 3, there is much to be said for Church's 'fryze' (*i.e.* freeze). (The spelling actually suggested by Church is 'frieze', as in II. i. 42 l. 3, or 'frize', as in VI. x. 33 l. 9; but neither of these would so readily be corrupted.)

II. ii. 7 l. 7. chace] pray *sugg. Collier*. This is the first of those substitutions discussed in Introduction, p. viii.

II. ii. 21 l. 1. cald] calth 1596, 1609. Changes of tense like this are not uncommon in 1596, but here 'calth' seems an error due to the following 'forth'.

II. i. 34 l. 9. thought their] though ther 1590. 1590 seems to be simply a wrong division of 'thought her', which we should perhaps read.

II. ii. 42 l. 6. make] hold *conj. add.* See Introduction, p. viii.

II. ii. 44 l. 4. introld] entrold 1590: enrolld *conj. add.* 'Enrold' is more obvious than convincing: it is typographically improbable, and it makes poor sense. The problem is complicated by the ambiguous rhyme with 'world' and 'told', for which, however, cf. I. xi. 27 ll. 1, 3 'world' = 'extold'. I am not convinced that Spenser did not coin 'introld', though I do not know what he meant by it.

II. iii. 4 l. 5. A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find] A pleasing vaine of glory he did find 1590. It is natural to regard the second 'vaine' as a mere printer's repetition of the first. But the collocation of 'glory' and 'vaine' appears in two other descriptions of *Braggadocchio*, viz. III. viii. 11 ll. 8 and 9; IV. iv. 14 l. 5. And the play on words is quite Spenserian; cf. I. iv. 6 l. 6 array . . arras; II. i. 37 l. 9 leaue . . . leaue; II. ii. 12 l. 3 fairely fare.

II. iii. 10 l. 1. On the spelling of *Braggadocchio* see Introduction, p. vi. In the second volume of 1596 we find *cc* in IV. ii. 4; IV. iv. 14; IV. iv. 20; *c* in IV. iv. 8; IV. iv. 10; IV. v. 23; IV. v. 26; and always in V. iii.

II. iii. 20 l. 5. their haire on end does reare] does vnto them appeare 1590: vnto *corr.* to greatly *F. E.* It seems as if Spenser originally wrote 'appeare', forgot this when he made *F. E.*, and in turn forgot *F. E.* when he corrected the copy for 1596; or knowingly changed his mind twice.

II. iii. 28 l. 7. play] sport *conj. ed.* See Introduction, p. viii. I do not wish to read 'sport' in the text, as the form of the footnote might imply. This substitution does not seem to have been noticed by previous editors.

II. iii. 38 l. 4. haue I] I haue 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. iii. 45 l. 4. one] on 1590, 1596. For the converse misprint cf. II. i. 31 l. 4.

II. iii. 46 l. 9. erne] yerne 1609. These two words are regularly interchanged in 1609, in accordance with modern usage. Cf. VI. vii. 15 l. 9.

II. iv. 17 ll. 6, 8, 9. A striking instance of author's correction in 1596. Spenser seems to have shrunk from the forms 'trech', 'ketch.'

II. iv. 35. This is the stanza quoted by Fraunce in 1588. See Introduction, p. xi.

II. iv. 41 l. 8. A hexameter in the eighth line. It might be corrected by omitting 'is sonne'; but for this there is no authority. See Introduction, p. vii.

II. v. 5 l. 9. do not much me faile] doe me not much fayl 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. v. 8 l. 7. hurtle] hurle, 1596; hurlen 1609. See notes on I. ii. 29 l. 2 and I. iv. 16 l. 3.

II. v. 12 ll. 8 and 9. A very difficult passage. The meaning wanted seems to be, 'Do not think that it is thy force but the unjust doom of fortune that has thus laid me low.' This meaning comes more easily if we read 'but' for 'by': a conjecture in which I find that I was anticipated by a friend of Jortin's. But no good meaning can be got out of 'maugre her spight' without taking 'maugre' in the sense of 'curse on', or the like, which it never bears outside *F. Q.*, if there. The nearest parallels are III. iv. 39 l. 8; III. v. 7 l. 5; VI. iv. 40 l. 3. See Introduction, p. ix.

II. v. 19 l. 7. do] garre 1590. A very interesting change. Had it been objected to 'garre' that it was peculiar to Northern dialect?

I believe that several changes in 1596 were made to meet such criticisms. Spenser uses 'garre' in *S. G.*, but not elsewhere in *F. Q.*

II. v. 29 l. 5. pricking] prickling 1590. The quartos differ repeatedly over this particular letter—cf. II. i. 31 l. 2; II. vi. 18 l. 7; II. xi. 13 l. 5; II. xii. 30 l. 6 (where 1590 is certainly right). Here usage favours 1596, but sound 1590.

II. v. 31 l. 5. See note on II. iii. 20 l. 5.

II. vi. 3 l. 4. that nigh her breth was gone,] as merry as Pope Ione, 1590. The earlier reading was apparently thought too colloquial.

II. vi. 3 l. 6. might to her] to her might 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9. The authenticity of the transposition here is made probable by the proximity of l. 4.

II. vi. 5 l. 6. cut away. We should perhaps read 'cut a way'; cf. II. viii. 5 l. 9.

II. vi. 12 l. 9. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

II. vi. 14 l. 9. loud] loue 1590. The reading of 1596 is supported by the proximity of II. vi. 12 l. 9.

II. vi. 18 l. 7. griesly] griesy 1590. On the variants see note on II. v. 29 l. 5. 'Griesy' is here explained as 'sluggish'. But we find 'griesie', I. ix. 35 l. 4 (but 'griesly' 1611); 'grysie', II. xi. 12 l. 3 and III. xii. 19 l. 2; 'gryesy', III. i. 67 l. 7. These are all one word, and the meaning is always 'squalid', 'hideous'.

II. vi. 29 l. 2. importune] importance 1596: important 1609. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. vi. 42 l. 4. steept] stept 1590 should have been recorded in footnote.

II. vii. 4 l. 8. vpsidowne] vpside downe 1590. The original form, as I learn from Sir James Murray, was 'upsodown' or 'upsadown'; 'upsidown' became current in the second quarter of the sixteenth century; 'upside-down' appears first in Coverdale. By the last decade of the century 'upsodown' was obsolete, 'upsidown' archaic, 'upside-down' or 'upset-down' current. There is little doubt that here, as at I. xii. 38 l. 3, Spenser deliberately returned in 1596 to the more archaic form.

II. vii. 40 l. 5. that] the 1590 &c.: corr. *F. E.* *F. E.* might refer to 43 l. 2. See note on I. iii. 38 l. 7. The earlier stanza is quoted with 'the' in *England's Parnassus* (1600). But the quotation is full of mistakes and has no authority.

II. vii. 52 l. 6. With which] Which with 1590, 1596: Which-with 1609. At IV. vii. 25 l. 1 'Which' is 'With' in 1596.

II. viii. 3 l. 8. Come hither, come hither] Come hither, hither 1609. But the trisyllabic foot is probably genuine, and expresses agitation. See note on I. i. 15 l.

II. viii. 25 l. 1. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. viii. 29 l. 7. vpreare] vpheau *MS. corr. in Malone 615*. See Introduction, p. viii. Kitchin speaks of these *MS.* corrections as 'co-temporary';

and a note in the Bodleian catalogue ascribes them to Lord Burleigh. But most of them are in a hand much later than 1600.

II. viii. 40 l. 4. so wisely as it ought] so well, as he it ought 1590. 1596 means, 'As wisely as it ought to be used.' For the construction cf. II. viii. 32 l. 4; VII. vii. 9 l. 8. But 1590 gives an excellent meaning, 'As well as he who owned it'; and it is hard to see why Spenser changed it. This is one of the few corrections that I suspect of being editorial. Cf. II. x. 49 l. 8. A converse confusion of the two meanings of 'ought' is shown by the variants on VI. viii. 50 l. 4.

II. viii. 44 l. 8. no more] not thore 1590. 'Thore', if not a misprint (and it does not look like one), was probably meant for 'there', as 'tho' = then, rather than for 'through' ('thorough'). In either case Spenser felt it licentious.

II. viii. 48 l. 8. Prince *Arthur* 1609: Sir *Guyon* 1590, 1596. See Introduction, p. xviii.

II. ix. 7 ll. 5 and 6. The time is shortened to agree with I. ix. 15. Cf. also II. ix. 38.

II. ix. 9 l. 1. weete] wote 1590 &c. Not an imperfect rhyme, but a misprint; for the form is wrong.

II. ix. 17 l. 4. perilous] perlous 1590. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. ix. 21 l. 1. them] him 1590. It is 'them' in *England's Parnassus*. See note on II. vii. 40 l. 5.

II. ix. 35 l. 3. idly] idle 1609 should have been recorded in the footnote.

II. ix. 38 l. 2. mood] word 1590 &c. Collier credits Drayton with the emendation (see on 49 l. 4 below); but Morris seems to have first adopted it. There is a similar misprint of 'word' for 'wood' in 1590 at III. xii. 7 l. 8.

II. ix. 38 l. 9. twelue moneths] three years 1590. See note on II. ix. 7 above.

II. ix. 49 l. 4. reason] season *Drayton* (*teste Collier*). Collier professed to have a copy of the 1611 folio that had belonged to Drayton and had corrections in his hand. On questions of this nature no weight can be attached to Collier's unverified statements, and I am not aware that this statement has been verified. The corrections with which he credits Drayton are often ingenious, but not more ingenious than those which he puts forward as his own.

II. ix. 52 l. 9. the house] th'house 1609. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. x. 6 l. 6. safeties sake] safety 1590. 7 l. 7. liued then] liueden 1590. Either of these corrections might be editorial; but by their proximity they support each other.

II. x. 15 l. 9. munifience] munificence 1590, 1609. Spenser certainly means 'fortification', and has either coined a noun from munify + ence, or applied 'munificence' in this unexampled sense. The reading 'munifience' is found only in 1596.

II. x. 24 l. 9. *F. E.* shows that *Seuth* was printed in some copies of 1590. Church, Upton, and Todd all had copies in which the missing words were supplied.

II. x. 34 l. 1. *Riuallo*] *Riuall* 1590. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. x. 43 l. 1. *Sisillus*] *Sifillus* 1590 &c. We should perhaps read *Sisilius* with Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. III, § 13: in § 14 he spells it *Sisillius*).

II. x. 67 l. 2. *Ambrose*] *Ambrise* 1596, 1609. Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. VI) supports 1590.

II. x. 49 l. 8. *defrayd*] did defray 1596, 1609. Here at least the printer of 1596 is seen to have assumed the editor. He betrays himself by losing the rhyme-scheme, rhyming line 8 with lines 2, 4, 5, 7 instead of 6, 9. See note on II. viii. 40 l. 4.

II. x. 51 l. 7. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

II. x. 67 l. 2. *Ambrose*] *Ambrise* 1596, 1609. Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Historia Britonum*, Lib. VI) supports 1590.

II. xi. 10 l. 2. *dessignment*] *assignment* 1590. It is the proximity of the indubitable author's correction in 9 l. 9 that decides in favour of 1596.

II. xi. 11 l. 4. *dismayd*] *mismayd conj. Jortin*. Jortin's 'mismayd' (*i. e.* *mismade*, *miscreated*) gives a good meaning, and the misprint is paralleled at III. ix. 7 l. 3 *disdonne* 1590, *misdonne* 1596. Others think that 'dismayd' may bear the same meaning.

II. xi. 13 l. 5. *assayled*] *assayed* 1590. See note on II. v. 29 l. 5.

II. xi. 21 l. 8. *their*] *there* 1609. I should now prefer to read 'there' in all such cases.

II. xii. 1 l. 4. Formerly] 'Formally' is a conjecture of my own, and should have been indicated as such in the footnote. It was suggested by II. xii. 8 l. 5, where 'formally' = *secundum artem*. 'Firmely' has been proposed; but that is impossible. The text may be sound.

II. xii. 1 l. 6. Others take *F. E.* to refer to l. 1. See note on I. iii. 38 l. 7.

II. xii. 23 l. 9. Upton, Todd, &c., keep *Monoceros*, scanning 'immeasüréd', which is without example. The reading adopted by Child was originally suggested by Jortin.

II. xii. 27 l. 4. *sea the resounding*] *sea resounding* 1609. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

II. xii. 30 l. 6. *pleasaunt*] *peasaunt* 1596. See note on II. v. 29 l. 5.

II. xii. 39 l. 8. *vpstarting*] *vpstaring* 1590. I. ix. 22 l. 3 and VI. xi. 27 l. 4 favour 1590.

II. xii. 43 l. 5. *Nought feard their foree*] *they conj. ed.* This correction gives the desired meaning, 'They had no fear of force.' Those who defend the text take 'feard' to mean 'frightened', and 'their' to refer to the beasts. (I find that my conjecture has been anticipated by Church and others.)

II. xii. 52 l. 9. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. i. 47 l. 7. which] that 1590. The correction is due to 'that' in l. 8.

III. i. 56 l. 8. *Basciomani*] *Bascimano* 1590. In Spenser's day the correct form was *basciamano* or *basciamani*, the latter not being plural of the former, but an independent formation of verb stem + plural noun, like Fr. *porte-montres*. Ordinarily it would be fair to credit Spenser with a knowledge of the right Italian form. Yet in this place the *Bascimano* of 1590 has clearly been corrected: a fresh corruption in an author's correction is not highly probable; and I am accordingly disposed to think that Spenser really coined *Basciomani* as a substantival use of the phrase *bascio le mani*. Cf. the familiar Spanish *bezo los manos*.

III. ii. 4 l. 1. *Guyon*] *Redcrosse MS. corr. in Malone* 615. See Introduction, p. vii.

III. ii. 8 l. 5. Which I to proue] Which to prove, I 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. ii. 30 l. 5. in her warme bed her dight] her in her warme bed dighte 1590. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. ii. 49 l. 7. a earthen] an earthen 1609. Spenser may have intended to pronounce 'yearthen'. N. E. D. describes the *y*-form of 'earth' as going down to the sixteenth century, though no *y*-forms are quoted under 'earthen'. In Northern dialect, with which Spenser was familiar, 'n' takes the place of 'an' even before a vowel. If the quartos are right, this is another archaism unfamiliar to 1609.

III. iii. 6 l. 1. auid] aduis'd 1609. See note on IV. ii. 22.

III. iii. 15 l. 3. 1609 makes 'businesse' three syllables, and then seeks to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. iii. 44 l. 5. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. iii. 50 l. 9. See Introduction, p. xviii.

III. iii. 53 l. 3. Evidently an author's correction; but the reason for the change is obscure.

III. iv. 39 l. 9. sith we no more shall meet] till we againe may meet 1590. Spenser has remembered, or been reminded, that *Cymoent* is a heathen goddess.

III. iv. 40 l. 6. 1611 modernizes to 'ielly'd blood'.

III. iv. 59 l. 5. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. v. Arg. 4. *sownd*] *sround* 1609. 'Sownd' is one of the rarer spellings of the multiform 'sround', 'swoun', &c. At VI. i. 34 l. 2 we find 'sound' (= sround) in both 1596 and 1609.

III. v. 5 l. 5. A] And 1596, 1609. 'And', though defensible, is probably due to 'And' in l. 6.

III. v. 37 l. 6. follow] followd 1590 should have been recorded in footnote.

III. v. 40 l. 4. their loues sweet teenc] their sweet loues teene 1590. Spenser transposed, either for rhythm, or to bring out the oxymoron 'sweet teene'. Cf. note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. v. 50 l. 8. To him, and to all] To him and all 1609. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. v. 51 l. 9. to] it 1611.

III. v. 52 l. 6. The punctuation of the quartos connects 'admire' with 'In gentle Ladies brest'; but this leaves 'and bounteous race' without construction.

III. v. 53 l. 3. Realmes] Reames 1590. So in V. vii. 23 ll. 6, 8, 9 'realme' rhymes with 'extream' and 'dreame'.

III. vi. 6 l. 5. his beames] his hot beames 1609. See on I. v. 23 l. 8 and Introduction, p. xvii.

III. vi. 12 l. 2. The rhyme is imperfect, but I find no authority for reading 'aspect'.

III. vi. 26 l. 4. both farre and nere *om.* 1590. 1596 here completes a line left imperfect in 1590, which makes it possible that Spenser may have intended to complete other broken lines, such as II. iii. 26 l. 9; II. viii. 55 l. 9.

III. vi. 39 l. 1. 1611 reads 'and all', to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. vi. 40 l. 6. See Introduction, p. viii.

III. vi. 45 l. 4. See Introduction, p. xviii.

III. vii. 5 l. 1. the tops] th'tops 1609. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. vii. 9 l. 3. two] to *conj.* Hughes. Morris reports 'to' from 1596; not so in copies examined. See also I. vi. 47 l. 8 and note there.

III. vii. 13 l. 6. had] hath 1590. The notes of Todd and Morris imply that some copies of 1596 also read 'hath'. If so, it should be adopted as the better reading.

III. vii. 22 l. 4. Monstrous mishapt] Monstrous, mishapt 1590. Cf. I. i. 9 l. 6; I. x. 7 l. 8.

III. vii. 32 l. 7. muchell] much ill 1611, puzzled by the archaism.

III. vii. 34 l. 2. See Introduction, p. vii.

III. vii. 45 l. 1. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. vii. 48 l. 4. Spenser has remembered, or been reminded, that *Ollyphant* reappears in III. xi.

III. viii. 30 l. 3. frory] frowy 1590, 1596. The reading of 1609 is established by comparison with III. viii. 35 l. 2. 'Frowie' occurs in *S. G.* (*July* 111); but it means 'musty'.

III. viii. 46 l. 9. vnworthy] vnworthy 1590. 49 l. 2 'Thaue] To haue 1590. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. ix. 13 l. 9. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. ix. 20 l. 9. persant] percent 1609; present 1611.

III. ix. 48 l. 6. to sea] to the sea 1596—perhaps rightly; cf. note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. x. 41 l. 7. Morris reports 'wild forest 1609'; not so in any of the copies examined.

III. x. 46 l. 6. th'Earthes] the Earthes 1609. See note on I. v. 23 l. 8 and Introduction, p. xviii.

III. xi. 4 ll. 4 and 9. These two transpositions support each other, the first being made for grammar, the second for rhythm. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xi. 12 l. 1. singultes] singulfes 1590, 1596. This word occurs again in *F. Q. V.* vi. 13, *Colin Clout* 168, *Tears of the Muses* 232; and in all four places is spelt with 'f' in the original editions. We must suppose, either that the printers made the same mistake four times, or that Spenser misspelt a word with whose Latin form he must have been quite familiar. Neither alternative is acceptable; but I find the second incredible.

III. xi. 19 l. 9. death] life *conj. Jortin*. Jortin's emendation gives the sense required; yet Spenser was capable of writing 'death'. Cf. Introduction, p. ix.

III. xi. 22 l. 8. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xi. 23 l. 2. Inglorious, beastlike 1611, to avoid the trisyllabic foot. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

III. xi. 26 l. 7. See note on I. ii. 29 l. 2.

III. xi. 39 l. 8. Stag *conj. Jortin*: Hag 1590 &c. In support of Jortin's emendation Upton quotes Natalis Comes, *Mythologia*, iv. 10 'Fertur hic deus [*i.e.* Apollo] in varias formas ob amores fuisse mutatus, in leonem, in ceruum, in accipitrem'. As the chapter deals with Apollo, and mentions Hyacinth, Coronis, &c., it is clear that Spenser had been reading it, and Jortin's emendation is irresistible. (Spenser would have written 'an Hag', not 'a Hag'.)

III. xi. 47 l. 9. heauen bright] heauens hight *conj. Church*. But identical rhymes are not infrequent in this particular place in a stanza. Yet the possibility of parablepsy lowers the authority of the quartos in such cases. The printers would be peculiarly liable to this error in this place if, in Spenser's manuscript, the Alexandrine overflowed into the eighth line of the stanza. (Church spells 'heuens', following 1590).

III. xii. 12 l. 6. wingyheeld] winged heeld 1590. The change seems to have been made for euphony. See note on I. v. 7 l. 9.

III. xii. 18 l. 8. hony-lady. 'Hony-laden' is a tempting suggestion of Upton's, and Morris adopts it.

III. xii. 26 l. 7. with that Damozell] by the Damozell 1590. According to 1596 the Damozell is *Amoret*, according to 1590 *Britomart*.

III. xii. 27 l. 3. and bore all away] nothing did remaine 1590. A striking change, designed to remove the imperfect rhyme. l. 8. It] In 1611.

III. xii. 29 l. i. wandering] wondering 1611.

III. xii. 34 l. 4. her] him 1590, 1596. Comparison with the variants in stanza 42 suggests some oblivion in Spenser's mind of the sex of his Championess.

III. xii. 43 to 45. On these stanzas see Introduction, p. xvi.

IV. ii. 22 l. 7. aduizing] anising 1609. For 'aduize' = observe cf. II. ix. 38 l. 3. Similarly we find 'adward' 1596, but 'award' 1609; conversely 'dis-auentrous' 1596, 'disaduentrours' 1609. Todd quotes from Sir T. More, 'Whoso well aduise her visage, &c.'

IV. iii. 43 l. 5. quite age] quiet-age *Morris*. *Morris's* reading (originally suggested to Jorlin by a friend) is very plausible, though the word does not occur elsewhere in *F. Q.*

IV. iv. 1 l. 4. minds] liues 16(11)-12-13. *Morris* reports 'liues 1609': not so in genuine copies examined. See Bibliographical Note.

IV. iv. 2 l. 3. als] els 1596. I now think that 1596 is right. The proposition illustrated is twofold:—(1) 'For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds, But of occasion, with th'occasion ends'; (2) 'And friendship, which a faint affection breeds Without regard of good, dyes like ill groundd seeds'. Reading 'As als' we have two illustrations of this twofold proposition. Reading 'As els' we have an independent illustration of each of its parts. For 'As els' cf. the second letter to Harvey:—'For, why a Gods name, may not we, as else the Greeks, &c.'

IV. iv. 8 l. 2. Ferrau] Ferrat 1596. Called *Ferragh* in IV. ii. 4; Ferrat in Ariosto, *O. F.* i. 14. Spenser mentions *Ferragh* as an Irish name in the '*Iue*'.

IV. iv. 17 l. 4. maiden-headed] satyr-headed *conj. Church*, referring to III. vii. 30 l. 6. In the Bodleian copy of Church's edition is a note by Mr. G. L. Way, the former owner: 'Perhaps *Maidenheaded Shield* may mean "the shield of him who was one of the Knights of Maidenhead"—see st. 22.'

IV. iv. 24 l. 1. beanlike] Upton reports that one of his quartos had 'brauelike', the other 'beamlake'.

IV. v. 4 l. 4. Lemno] Lemnos 16(11)-12-13.

IV. v. 5 l. 5; 6 l. 1. According to Upton and Todd some copies of 1596 here err with 1609.

IV. v. 35 l. 4. vnpared] prepared 16(11)-12-13.

IV. v. 40 l. 7. wheresoeuer] whersoere 16(11)-12-13.

IV. vi. 24 l. 8. his *om.* 1609. But see note on l. i. 15 l. 6.

IV. vi. 33 l. 6. ranging] raging 16(11)-12-13.

IV. vi. 46 l. 5. who] whom 16(11)-12-13. *Morris* reports 'whom 1609': not so in genuine copies examined.

IV. vii. 12 l. 1. caytiue] captive *conj. Collier*. But Spenser used the adj. 'caytiue' in this sense in l. vii. 19 l. 3; l. ix. 11 l. 9.

IV. vii. 32 l. 7. oft] elt *conj. Hughes*, to improve the rhyme.

IV. viii. 1 l. 9. infixed] infected 16(11)-12-13.

IV. viii. 64 l. 1. this] his 16(11)-12-13. *Morris* reports 'his 1609': not so in genuine copies examined.

IV. ix. 11 l. 9. The conjecture 'them', approved by Church, was originally made by Hughes.

IV. ix. 17 l. 7. bequest] request 16(11)-12-13.

IV. x. 8 l. 8. Upton reports that one of his quartos had '*his*', the other '*this*'.

IV. x. 23 ll. 2, 8. The words 'ghesse' and 'bee' are transposed in all copies examined except 4<sup>o</sup> *Art. Seld. S. 22* in the Bodleian and *C. 12. b. 17, 18* in the British Museum. The correction was evidently made as the sheets went through the press. See Introduction, p. xix. 16(11)-12-13 reads 'I ghesse'.

IV. x. 27 l. 1. *Hyllus 1596: Hylus 1609*. Spenser evidently means *Hylas*. There was a Hyllus, son of Hercules and Deianeira; but it is unlikely that Spenser confused the two, for he has *Hylas* rightly in a similar context, III. xii. 7.

IV. x. 35 ll. 5, 6. Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,

And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight.

In this difficult passage two lines of interpretation are offered:—(1) taking 'hell' as sb. and 'quight' as vb., 'And hell requite them,' *i.e.* punish the elements by reducing all to chaos: (2) taking 'hell' as vb. and 'quight' as advb., 'And cover them (*i.e.* the lands) quite.' The second explanation involves a difficult parenthesis of 'And fire deuoure the ayre': 'hell' does not occur elsewhere in *F. Q.* as a verb, even in the form 'hele', though 'vnhele' = uncover is found in II. xii. 64 l. 8; hence it has been proposed to read 'mell' = confuse. But the first line of interpretation seems the more satisfactory.

IV. xi. 4 l. 6. seuen] three *Malone 616* and *G. 11537* in B. M. All other copies of 1596 'seuen'. This is another instance of correction at press. See above on IV. x. 23. 1609 reads 'three'. I cannot say which reading represents the poet's second thought.

IV. xi. 17 l. 6. times] age *Todd*. But see Introduction, p. viii.

IV. xi. 34 l. 5. Grant] Guant 1596, 1609: *corr. Child*. 'Grant' is for Granta, *i.e.* the Cam, as Upton noted.

IV. xi. 52 l. 7. but] both *conj. edd.* The text is sound. Floods and fountains, though originally all derived from ocean, are yet akin to sky and sun.

IV. xii. 13 ll. 1, 2. For the significance of these variants see Introduction, p. xix.

IV. xii. 23 l. 9. That no old sore it was 16(11)-12-13.

V. Proem 2 l. 2. at earst] as earst 16(11)-12-13. But cf. *S. C. Dec. 106*, where there is the same contrast between 'first' and 'at earst'. Also *F. Q. VI. iii. 8 l. 7; 39 l. 1*.

V. Proem 2 l. 9. degendered] degenerd 16(11)-12-13.

V. Proem 7 l. 8. thirtic] thirteen *conj. Child*. Child's 'thirteen' is said to be astronomically correct, or nearly so, for Spenser's date.

V. Proem 9 l. 4. ne]. no 16(11)-12-13.

V. Proem 11 l. 2. stead] place 1596. On this substitution see Introduction,

p. viii. This is the only correction of this nature in 1609, and I have accepted it for reasons given in Introduction, p. xix.

V. ii. Arg. 3. *Munera*] *Momera* 1596, 1609 : corr. Hughes. As a rule I do not accept such corrections in proper names. But this is a printer's not an author's error.

V. ii. 11 l. 4. Who] *Tho conj. Church*: When *Morris*. But such changes of construction are not uncommon when a clause intervenes as here.

V. ii. 46 l. 9. way] *lay* 1609. But identical rhymes, especially of homonyms, are not uncommon in this part of the stanza. See, however, note on III. xi. 47 l. 9.

V. iii. 11 ll. 7, 9. Th'other . . . th'other 1596, 1609. Erroneous apostrophation occurs again at V. vi. 19 l. 3. Cf. also note on V. v. 18 l. 4.

V. iii. 19 l. 1. the azure] *th'azure* 1609. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

V. iv. 1 l. 3. Had neede haue] *Had neede of* 16(11)-12-13.

V. iv. 22 l. 2. pinnoed] *pinniond* 16(11)-12-13.

V. iv. 36 l. 8. Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man] *selfe halfe*, 1596 : *self*, *arm'd* 1609. 1609 may be right ; 'halfe' in 1596 may have been repeated by parablepsy from 'selfe' : the punctuation of 1596 points to that.

V. iv. 37 l. 1. newe] *newe conj. Church*. 3 so few] *to feare conj. Collier*. Imperfect rhymes are not rare in *P. Q.*, but scarcely in this form ; here there is no assonance. Nor does this seem to be one of the 'substitutions' discussed in Introduction, p. viii. Of conjectures, Church's is the best.

V. iv. 37 l. 6. there] *their* 16(11)-12-13.

V. iv. 39 l. 3. So cruell dole amongst her maides diuide] . . . doile . . . dauide 1596. 'There are two words 'dole' in Spenser, (a) portion, (b) mourning. This is (a) : for the phrase cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. i. 169, 'That in the dole of blows your son might drop.' Spenser does not elsewhere use 'dole' in sense (a) ; in sense (b) it is common in *P. Q.*, and is spelt 'dole' or 'doole'. The spelling 'doile' (*Fr. deuil*) belonged rather to sense (b), but no sixteenth century instance is quoted in N. E. D. It is not impossible that Spenser wrote 'doile' in sense (a), intending a play upon the two meanings. But more probably 'a' and 'i' have simply been interchanged, as 1609 takes it. (1596 generally has 'denide' ; but 'diuide' also occurs.)

V. iv. 48 l. 7. yesterday] *yeester day* 1596. Morris keeps 'yeester' ; but Spenser has 'yester' elsewhere, and a misprint is probable. The latter part of this canto, as these notes show, is unusually full of such difficulties.

V. v. 18 l. 4. to'a] The apostrophation shows synecesis, though the vowel is not omitted.

V. v. 38 l. 8. And, though (vnlike)] *And, though vnlike* 1596. The meaning is, 'And even if (as is unlikely) they should last, &c.'

V. vi. 5 ll. 6, 7. For houres but dayes ; for weekes, that passed were,  
She told but moneths 1596, 1609.

Church would transpose 'houres' and 'dayes', 'weekes' and 'moneths'. Spenser may have meant that she reckoned in months instead of weeks to make the time look shorter ; e.g. said three months instead of twelve weeks,

dwelling on the numeral and wilfully ignoring the noun. But this is one of those subtleties in which we feel the difference between Spenser and Shakespeare. See Introduction, p. ix.

V. vi. 16 l. 7. That this is things compaete] thing *conj. Church*. Others defend 'things' as genitive. Church's conjecture is preferable to that. But there is no real objection to taking 'things' as nom. pl.

V. vi. 19 l. 3. the euen-tide] th'euen-tide 1596. See note on V. iii. 11.

V. vi. 25 l. 9. nights] Knight's *conj. Church*. This conjecture, like others of Church's, is rather plausible to common sense than convincingly Spenserian.

V. vi. 26 l. 5. Ne lesse] Sense requires 'Ne more'; but see note on II. v. 12.

V. vi. 29 l. 2. armed] arm'd 1596. See note on V. iii. 11.

V. vi. 33 l. 7. auenge] reuenge 16(11)-12-13. Morris and Grosart report 'reuenge 1609': not so in genuine copies examined.

V. vii. 6 l. 9. her] From stanza 15 it appears that 'her' should have been 'his'. But the mistake may be Spenser's.

V. vii. 13 l. 5. to robe] to be 16(11)-12-13.

V. vii. 23 l. 6. See note on III. v. 53 l. 3.

V. viii. 40 l. 6. knowen] knowne 1596. 1596 might be upheld by comparison with VI. iv. 36, where 'vnknowne' = 'showen' = 'blowen' = 'sowen'. But these are at the end of lines, where the number of syllables is indifferent.

V. ix. 21 l. 1. knights] knight 16(11)-12-13.

V. ix. 44 l. 1. appose] oppose 1609. Mr. Chapman has pointed out to me a parallel use of 'appose' in Drayton (p. 44, l. 4 of the Oxford edition):—

Against these folkes that think them selues so wise,

I thus appose my force of reason wholly.

V. x. 3 l. 6. *Armericke*] *Americke conj. Todd*. Todd's conjecture is highly probable. Otherwise we must take *Armericke* to mean Armoric, i. e. of Brittany.

V. x. 6 l. 4. See note on I. i. 15 l. 6.

V. x. 18 l. 8. fastnesse] safenesse 16(11)-12-13.

V. x. 23 l. 4. threating] threatening 16(11)-12-13.

V. x. 24 l. 5. farewell open field] well fare *conj. edd.* needlessly: 'farewell' here = welcome.

V. xi. 5 l. 9. have riue] not riue 16(11)-12-13.

V. xi. 40 l. 6 is a very effective tetrameter as it stands. The reading of 16(11)-12-13 is not, I think, authentic.

V. xi. 41 l. 6. Upton's correction had already been made in Hughes's second edition.

V. xi. 54 l. 9. corruptfull] corrupted 16(11)-12-13. Morris and Grosart report 'corrupted 1609': not so in genuine copies examined.

V. xi. 61 l. 7. meed] hyre *conj. Gburcb.* But see Introduction, p. viii. The reading 'meed' in this stanza makes the rhyme-scheme *ababbeacc*.

V. xi. 61 l. 8. froward] forward 1596. The sense requires 'froward'. For the distinction between the two words cf. II. ii. 38; and for a similar confusion between them VI. x. 24 l. 7.

V. xii. 14 l. 8. steale] steele 1609. But 'steale' here=handle.

VI. Proem 6 l. 9. name] fame *edd.* See note on V. ii. 46 l. 9.

VI. i. 8 l. 7. wretched] wicked 16(11)-12-13.

VI. i. 37 l. 5. pot-shares] pot-shards 16(11)-12-13.

VI. i. 34 l. 2. For 'sound'=swound cf. III. v. Arg.

VI. ii. 3 ll. 3, 4. 'Eyes' and 'eures' ought of course to have been transposed. But there is no evidence that the error is not Spenser's. And this must raise a doubt as to whether the printer is responsible for 'euery act and deed, that he did say' in l. 2.

VI. ii. 39 l. 2. implements] ornaments 1609. This change looks less like a printer's error than an editorial improvement.

V. iii. 12 l. 7. same] salue 16(11)-12-13.

VI. iii. 21 l. 8. default] assault *conj. Collier.* See note on V. ii. 46 l. 9. But Collier is very likely right here. The chance of parablepsy, always present in such cases, is here unusually strong with 'assault' > 'default'.

VI. iii. 23 l. 2. *Serena*] *Grispina* 1596 *Boll.* All the B. M. copies 'Serena'. A striking instance of correction made during the printing of the sheets. See Introduction, p. xix.

VI. iii. 24 l. 5. in vaine *om.* 16(11) 12-13. These words, which make the line a hexameter, are not omitted in any of the genuine 1609 copies examined. See Bibliographical Note.

VI. iii. 35 l. 3. Which] That 1596 *Boll.* The four B. M. copies have the superior reading 'Which'. The change was evidently made at press to avoid the repetition of 'that'.

VI. iii. 37 l. 9. did for her] for her did 1596 *Boll.* Again the four B. M. copies have the superior reading: change made at press for euphony. Mr. Ostler points out that the corrections in stanzas 23, 35, and 37 all occur in the outer forme of signature Bb, which explains the agreement of the B. M. copies. Had the corrections been on both sides of the sheet, there would probably (he thinks) have been a further dispersal of various readings.

VI. iii. 42 ll. 4, 7. The rhyme-words have been transposed in 1596.

VI. iv. 4 l. 7. stroke] strokes 1609 should have been recorded in the footnote.

VI. iv. 16 l. 8. hurts] hurt 16(11)-12-13. The latter reading is more grammatical, but is not found in any of the genuine 1609 copies examined.

VI. v. Arg. 1. *Matilda*] *Serena* *corr. Hughes rightly.* The confusion is due to the *Matilde* of Canto iv; but it is Spenser's own.

VI. v. 39 l. 3. full gladly they did take in glee] gree 1609. The reading

of 1609 is supported by V. vi. 21 l. 7. On the other hand, the alliteration favours 'glee'; and we find 'nor for gold nor glee' in I. ix. 32 l. 7.

VI. vi. Arg. 3. *He* refers to *Arthur*; but no emendation is possible.

VI. vi. 4 l. 4. Of] In 16(11)-12-13.

VI. vi. 16 l. 1. the] th' 1596. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. vii. 3 l. 7. armed] arm'd 1596. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. vii. 15 l. 9. yearned] earned 1609. See note on II. iii. 46 l. 9.

VI. vii. 49 l. 9. Words] Swords *conj. Church*. The sense, as often, favours Church's conjecture; but the alliteration favours the text.

VI. viii. 50 l. 4. what they ought] what shee ought 1609, taking 'ought' = owned. For the converse see note on II. viii. 40 l. 4.

VI. ix. 28 l. 6. the heuens] th'heuens 1596, 1609. See note on V. iii. 11.

VI. x. 2 l. 9. in] on 1596. Spenser is apparently thinking of the Latin proverb 'in portu nauigare'; yet it does not mean exactly what he desires to convey here. In Terence, *Andria*, i. 3. 22 ego in portu nauigo = I am out of danger: Spenser means 'never reaching the land'. Possibly 1596 is right, and we have here a nautical phrase that has been lost.

VI. x. 24 l. 7. froward] forward 1596, 1609: *corr.* 16(11)-12-13. The reading 'froward', though not found in any of the genuine 1609 copies examined, is clearly right, as is shown by the Gloss on *S. C.* for *April*, where the Graces are thus described:—'And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked . . . the one hauing her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, &c.'

VI. x. 36 l. 6. And hewing off his head, it presented 1596, 1609: (he) it presented *edd.* Though Spenser is not above this kind of bad rhyme, I do not find that he ever accents 'présented'.

VI. x. 44. The reading and punctuation of 1609 (which makes a long parenthesis of ll. 3-7) are, of course, much more logical; but not therefore more Spenserian.

VI. xii. 12 l. 8. loos] praise 1609. We may have here an authentic after-thought of Spenser's. He may, on reflection, have disliked the collocation of 'losse' and 'loos'. If so, this line should be added to the instances cited in the Introduction, p. xviii. But it is equally probable that the editor of 1609, failing to recognize the obsolescent 'loos'—which nevertheless occurs in Puttenham—took it for a printer's repetition of 'losse', and corrected accordingly.

VI. xii. 41 l. 3. clearest 1596, 1609: cleanest *Hughes*. Hughes's conjecture, though not supported by any of the old copies examined, is nevertheless very probably right; for the stanza is carelessly printed in 1596, as the variants recorded in the footnotes show. But Spenser has too many imperfect rhymes to allow us to consider the emendation certain.

VII. vi. 38 l. 2. wealths] wealth *Hughes &c.* The plural may be defended as = different kinds of wealth; but the misprint is easy.

VII. vii. 9 l. 7. *kinde*] *kinde Morris after Upton*; and so Chaucer calls it in the *Parlement of Foules* 316.

VII. vii. 10 l. 4. *mores*] *more Hughes*. Upton defends 'mores', as= roots, plants; and most editions, and the N. E. D., accept this. Nor did 'mores' offend the editor of *16(11)-12-13*; so that it is probably right, though I do not find that 'more' elsewhere ever means anything but root, or stock.

VII. vii. 28 l. 3. *did on*, *16(11)-12-13*.

VII. viii. 1 l. 7. *to cast*] and *cast 16(11)-12-13*.

VII. viii. 2 l. 9. Church's conjecture (made also by Upton) makes Spenser distinguish between Sabaoth=hosts and Sabbath=rest. The distinction exists in Hebrew; but it seems to spoil the point of the stanza to suppose that Spenser drew it here. No inference can be based on the varying spellings of 'Sabaoth' in *1609*, *16(11)-12-13*.

Of the Letter to Raleigh, Commendatory Verses, and Dedicatory Sonnets, only the verses by W. R. and Hobynoll are found in *1596 Bodl.*, or in Mr. Cannan's *1609*, where they are printed in their original position at the end of Book III. The rest of this additional matter is here reproduced from *1590 Bodl.*, with which *G. 12. b. 17* of B. M. agrees. It was evidently thrown together in some haste; there are several dislocations and omissions in the other B. M. copy of *1590*. The Bodleian folios omit the last two sonnets; the verses by W. R. and Hobynoll they print twice over.

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